

The Elks

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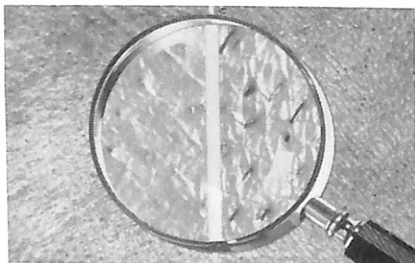
JUNE, 1938

WHY WHITEMAN WHISTLES WHILE HE SHAVES



YOU CAN'T ALWAYS SEE A MISFIT

• Anybody can see this misfit. But with razor blades it's different. Your face feels what your eyes can't detect when shaving edges protrude too far, or not far enough, from your razor. Gillette Blades fit the Gillette razor perfectly. You get shaves that last far into the night!



GILLETTE METHOD: Gillette Blades remove whiskers cleanly—right at the skin line—giving you shaves that are clean!

OTHER METHOD: The ragged stubble left by another shaving method will look full-grown in a few short hours!

LESS THAN 1¢ A DAY
buys the world's finest blades



PRECISION-MADE FOR EACH OTHER

• Gillette Blades are precision-made for the Gillette Razor to give you the world's finest shaves for less than one cent a day.

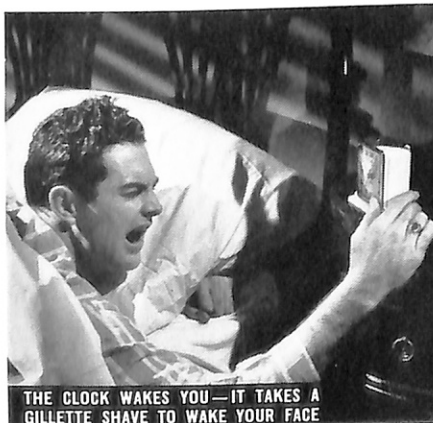
Gillette
Blades

MORE SHAVING COMFORT FOR YOUR MONEY



• "You don't catch me singing the blues when I'm shaving," says Paul Whiteman, King of Jazz. "I whistle—because shaving is no problem to me! You know, my face is always on parade. I have to be clean shaven. Can't take a chance on faulty shaving methods. So I use a Gillette Blade in a

Gillette Razor. There's close harmony! I've tried other ways, but this combination gives me the longest-lasting shaves money can buy!" Next time you see Paul Whiteman, notice how well-groomed his face looks, even when his band strikes up "Home, Sweet Home." Gillette shaves *really* last!



THE CLOCK WAKES YOU—IT TAKES A GILLETTE SHAVE TO WAKE YOUR FACE

• An alarm clock may get you up on time—but it takes a clean, close Gillette shave to wake up your face! No other method is so stimulating and refreshing. A keen Gillette Blade tones your skin—makes it feel fit and look fit for hours to come!



REMEMBER IT'S YOUR FACE

• Wherever you go, day or night, your face is on parade. So don't let it be a proving ground for shaving experiments. Demand Gillette Blades and get real shaving comfort. Reputable merchants always give you what you ask for.

Try Gillette's amazing new Brushless Shaving Cream, made with soothing peanut oil. It speeds shaving, tones the skin. Big tube 25¢.



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forwarded to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Henry A. Guenther, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, Newark, N. J., No. 21, 300 Clifton Ave.



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"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice,
Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare
and enhance the happiness of its members; to quick-
en the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate
good fellowship. . . ."—From Preamble to the Con-
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JUNE 1938

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STATE OF NEW JERSEY
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

April 26,
1938.

TO ALL ELKS:

We in New Jersey are very happy that the Elks have selected Atlantic City for their 1938 Convention.

Appreciating the privilege of entertaining this great Convention, we shall look upon every member of the order as a guest whom we shall delight to please and who will honor us by his presence in our midst.

I extend a most cordial invitation to every Elk in the country to attend the National Convention in Atlantic City in July.

Sincerely yours,

Governor.

AHM:FR



CITY OF ATLANTIC CITY
NEW JERSEY
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

April 25, 1938.

CHARLES D. WHITE
CLERK

BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES-
Dear Brothers:

As Mayor of the City of Atlantic City and a Trustee of Atlantic City Lodge #276, I deem it a privilege and pleasure to invite you to attend the Grand Lodge Session of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks in the World's Premier Health and Pleasure Resort, July 11 to 14, 1938.

Our long stretch of unbroken Boardwalk promenade forms an unique boundary line for our city of metropolitan hotels, fine restaurants, large stores and varied shops, perfect boulevards and their trails at our city gates and unsurpassed railroad facilities make the invitation more complete.

The local committee has been actively planning and organizing for several months, a very ambitious program of entertainment and recreation to add to the enjoyment of your visit.

I can assure you that all of Atlantic City's citizens will be pleased to entertain you and to make your stay one that will be memorable of this occasion.

Fraternally yours,

MAYOR.

CDK:5

Official Program

—for the Elks'

74th National Convention

(Subject to change without notice)

Sunday, July 10

Churches. Special services in Churches of all Denominations. Clarence E. Knauer, Atlantic City Lodge, Chairman.

Trapshooting. Traps open for practice for those entering contest. Si Lippman, Atlantic City Lodge, Chairman.

Monday, July 11

Trapshooting Traps open for practice.

10:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. Golf. First qualifying match. Robert Watson, Atlantic City Lodge, Chairman.

2:00 P.M. to 4:00 P.M. Sightseeing trip of Atlantic City from Convention Hall to Betty Bacharach Home, including visit to same, going by way of Atlantic Avenue and returning by way of Ventnor Avenue.

8:00 P.M. Opening ceremonies, Ball Room, Atlantic City Auditorium. Reception and musicale. All Elks and ladies to be guests of Grand Lodge. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Grakelow, Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, Chairman.

Tuesday, July 12

Trapshooting. National Elks Trapshooting Contest. Many prizes, including Holdeman trophy. State contest for Bacharach trophy.

11:00 A.M. Net Haul, Million Dollar Pier.

11:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. Steel Pier.

1:30 P.M. Golf. Second qualifying match.

2:00 P.M. to 4:00 P.M. Sightseeing trip of Atlantic City from Convention Hall to Betty Bacharach Home, including visit to same, going by way of Atlantic Avenue and returning by way of Ventnor Avenue.

9:30 P.M. Night of Nights in Main Auditorium of World's Largest Convention Hall. Spectacular ice carnival with 60 international stars, 25 great acts on 20,000 feet of real ice.

Wednesday, July 13

10:00 A.M. Drill Team Contests.

10:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. Steel Pier.

11:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. Special exhibit, Heinz Pier, with musicale.

1:30 P.M. Golf. Final playoff match of golf tournament. Many prizes, including \$2,000 Doyle trophy.

2:00 P.M. Reception and card party for ladies at Ambassador Hotel. Prizes and favors. Mrs. Millard Allman, Ladies' Auxiliary, Atlantic City Lodge, Chairwoman.

2:00 P.M. to 4:00 P.M. Sightseeing trip of Atlantic City from Convention Hall to Betty Bacharach Home, including visit to same, going by way of Atlantic Avenue and returning by way of Ventnor Avenue.

3:00 P.M. Glee Club Contest. Harry Jones, Atlantic City Lodge, Chairman.

10:00 P.M. Grand Ball and Reception in honor of Charles Spencer Hart in Auditorium Ball Room. Nationally famous orchestra. I. Edward Littman, Atlantic City Lodge, Chairman.

Thursday, July 14

1:00 P.M. Grand Parade on Atlantic City's famous Boardwalk. Grand Esquire Thomas J. Brady, Boston, Mass. Deputy Grand Esquire Emil J. Hirtzel, Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge. Deputy Grand Esquire Major William F. Casey, Atlantic City Lodge. Deputy Grand Esquire William S. Cuthbert, Atlantic City Lodge.

Band Contest during Parade. Joseph Abrams, Atlantic City Lodge, Chairman.

9:00 P.M. Beach Party and Carnival of Fun on World's Finest Beach.

Friday, July 15

Auld Lang Syne and Au Revoir. Fishing, sailing, roller-chair riding and bathing for duration of Convention.

A List of Prizes for the various Convention Contests and Competitions appears on page 56.

Salvage

By M. O'Moran

THE Dawson steamer was wedged on the rocks. Captain Andy Skov of the herring boat Saint Anne laid down his binoculars, and sent for his engineer. He stared at the steamer intently while he waited. It was twilight and ebb tide—the long, long twilight of the northern latitudes, and the low tide that comes with the dark of the moon. The water lay slatey blue below the black wooded mountains of the Alaskan coast, and the Dawson steamer, white as a bird, rested motionless against both hills and water.

The engineer came on deck, and Captain Andy handed him the binoculars.

"The Dawson steamer is on the rocks," he said.

The engineer adjusted the binoculars to his good eye, and shifted his chewing tobacco over to his right cheek.

"Aye, she's on the rocks right enough. She's too close in for the tide, and she's got herself caught on a ledge. Not so good. It's lucky for them on board that it's quiet water. What are you going to do about it?"

"It might be we could pull her off," answered Captain Andy. "It's the Princess Dorothea, the last steamer down from Dawson. There must be a lot of people and a lot of money aboard her—yes, a lot of people, and a lot of money," he repeated slowly and thoughtfully.

"There always is," remarked the engineer. "That's why they run the steamers. She's resting straight and easy. Don't look like she's stove in nowhere. Most likely the tide'll float her off."

"We'll not wait for that. We'll pull her off," decided Captain Andy. "She's a big boat, but I think we can do it. Don't you think we can pull her off?"

"If she ain't stove in we can pull her off," said the engineer. He went below again, and Captain Andy headed the fishing boat toward the Dawson steamer. He came within hailing distance. He could see the passengers on the deck, and the skipper on the bridge.

"Ahoy," called out Captain Andy. "You look like you're in trouble."

"We are," came back the skipper's megaphone. "We're wedged on a rock. But no damage done. I think we're o. k. We've radioed for a company boat."

"You don't have to wait for a company boat," cried Captain Andy. "Throw us a line and we'll pull you off."

"No," returned the skipper. "No, I wouldn't care to do that."

"Why not? What else can you do?" bellowed Captain Andy.

"No," repeated the skipper. "We're all right for the present."

"All right? You don't look it. Not by a damn sight. Throw us a line." There was exasperation in his voice.

"Stand off," warned the Dawson skipper. "We may be in trouble but we know how to get out of it. Stand off. We'll wait for the company boat."

"But you don't have to wait. We're here already," protested Captain Andy. "We'll get you off. Throw us a line." The Saint Anne was drifting closer to the steamer.

"I tell you we're all right," cried the skipper. "We don't need assistance."

"We'll stand by, then."

The skipper raised his arm and shook his fist. "Come any closer and I'll shoot you," he yelled.

"Okay, okay. You won't have to. We get you. You won't throw us a line. You don't want us to help you. Okay, skipper."

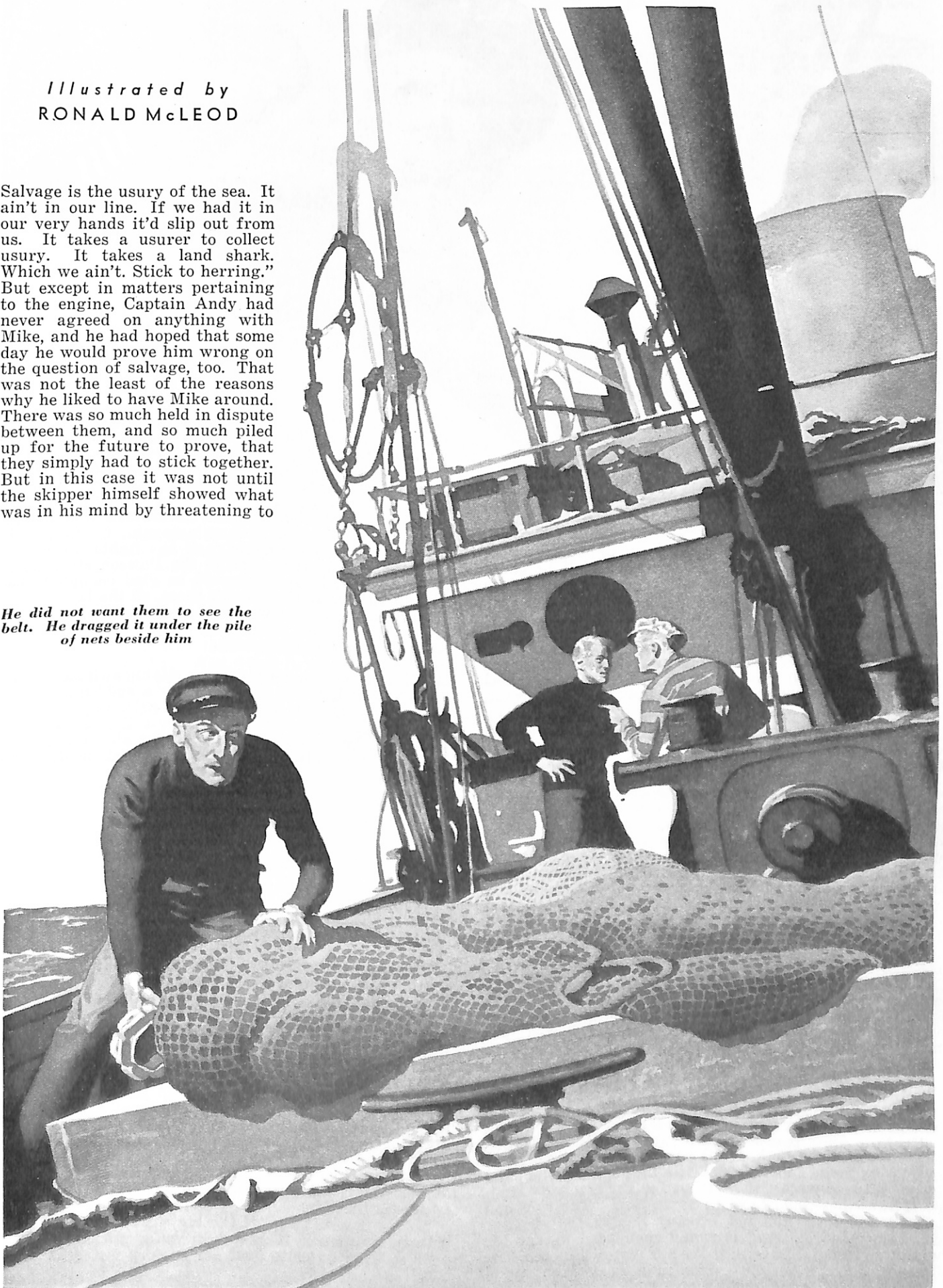
CAPTAIN ANDY'S face was red with anger at the unpleasant implication the skipper had put on his offer of assistance. He was not seeking salvage. He was merely offering help. He was obeying the maritime law that declares any master who does not render assistance to those in danger of being lost at sea is guilty of a misdemeanor. And law or no law he would have done it anyway. Salvage was a secondary consideration—something that might or might not be claimed. Not that Captain Andy would have overlooked it. He would take everything that was rightfully his. And certainly salvage, too, when it came his way. So far it never had. He had often discussed it with Mike, his engineer, and savoured its possibilities, but Mike had always ended up with, "Ferget it. Stick to herring."



Illustrated by
RONALD McLEOD

Salvage is the usury of the sea. It ain't in our line. If we had it in our very hands it'd slip out from us. It takes a usurer to collect usury. It takes a land shark. Which we ain't. Stick to herring." But except in matters pertaining to the engine, Captain Andy had never agreed on anything with Mike, and he had hoped that some day he would prove him wrong on the question of salvage, too. That was not the least of the reasons why he liked to have Mike around. There was so much held in dispute between them, and so much piled up for the future to prove, that they simply had to stick together. But in this case it was not until the skipper himself showed what was in his mind by threatening to

He did not want them to see the belt. He dragged it under the pile of nets beside him





shoot at the Saint Anne that the thought of salvage became actively present. Well, why shouldn't he claim salvage if he pulled the steamer off the rocks? But as it wasn't going to happen that way—

"Okay, skipper. I hope you're right. It may be the company boat, or it may be the tide you're counting on. I hope you're right about one or the other or even both of them. We've done our part. You don't need to shoot us. We'll leave you." He whipped the wheel around savagely. The Saint Anne churned up the water, and nosed out into the deepening twilight. For a long time the lights of the Dawson steamer were visible to Captain Andy, and then he turned to thoughts of herring, and forgot them.

Or rather to thoughts of lack of herring. And they were not pleasant thoughts. The scarcity of herring was becoming more apparent every trip. The boats must go ever farther and farther out to enmesh the diminishing shoals. There were times after a wet, dangerous and laborious cruise when the charges against the Saint Anne for food, oil and commissions left little or nothing over for the crew, and their only redress was hopes of a better and quicker catch next time. That time seldom came. Trip after trip with hardly enough catch to pay the expenses. Captain Andy's thoughts turned over and over within him, bitter and heavy as sea wrack.

As the night settled down the air became raw and cheerless. A fitful changeable wind was beginning to blow. The ship's lights were covered with bits of canvas, and the lookout in his bleak watch aloft was ominously silent. The signs for a night's fishing were forbidding. Once Captain Andy swung the wheel quickly to avoid impact with a dark floating mass that looked like the hulk of a boat. A collision with a derelict was not likely in the North Pacific, but in Captain Andy's gloomy musings anything was possible.

Captain Andy squinted hard into the night. It was three hours since he had left the Dawson steamer, and he had long since lost sight of its lights. He wondered if the skipper were still waiting for the company boat, or if the tide would have to serve him. The tide had turned and if it had not already floated the steamer off it soon would. And it would soon need to, for the wind was rising, and with it the sea was rising, too. The Dawson steamer on the rocks in a heavy sea would

pound to pieces. The Dawson steamer with many people and much gold aboard her. He grasped the wheel harder. The Saint Anne had commenced to pitch through the black waters, and now and then a bit of white scud raced past the bow. There would be no herring that night. The surface disturbance would cause the herring to sound. No herring again. Captain Andy ordered down the look-out, and the lights uncovered, and prepared to turn back to the Dawson steamer. If she were still there she would be glad enough to see him this time. If she weren't there, all the better. Salvage or no salvage he wished distress on no ship, and to know that she was safe would be a relief to his mind, and well worth the trip back.

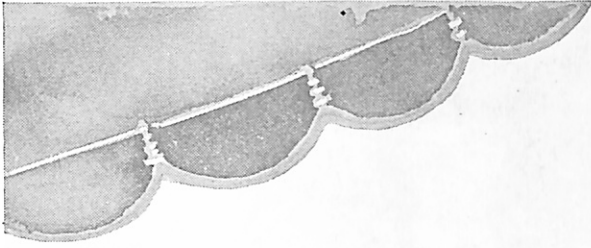
THE storm came down with terrifying swiftness. The stars were wiped out of the sky by a sudden sweep of black cloud, and the wind rose to a gale. Captain Andy yelled down to the engine room for full speed, and set his course back to the coast. But for all the fuel that Mike poured into the engine the boat made little progress. The sea had become a confusion of high waves. They rose in all directions, and encompassed the Saint Anne. Forward seas pounded the boat back to those racing up astern. The Saint Anne lurched and shivered, pitched and rolled, sliding out from the flooding of water astern to be smothered in the flying spume of an oncoming sea. To hold the wheel steady was impossible. To hold it at all was a miracle. At times Captain Andy's arms were all but wrenched from their sockets. But he would relinquish his place to no one. He fought on without rest or respite. Men struggled into the wheel house and left again. The crashing noises of the storm drowned out their voices. Whatever they asked went unanswered. The long hours etched heavy lines on Captain Andy's face, and drew gray shadows there, but his grip on the wheel held on.

As the night wore on the wind blew itself out, and the morning broke overcast and wet, with a high sea running. The black Alaskan hills took shape in the misty distance. A savage line of white surf beat against them. For two solid hours Captain Andy's binoculars searched their cruel contours as the Saint Anne cruised up and down. Nothing that resembled a floating spar, a detached piece of wreckage came into view. There was no sign whatsoever of the Princess Dorothea.

"Nothing," said Mike. "Not a sign. Maybe she did get off. Maybe it was the company boat did it, or maybe it was the tide."

"If she made it, and if the big sea didn't pound the bottom out of her, there's deep water off that ledge."

"Aye, deep water to float her or deep water to cover her."



The skipper raised his arm and shook his fist. "Come any closer and I'll shoot you," he yelled.

"Well, thank God if she made it," Captain Andy's words heaved up from his heart. "Not that I fell for the skipper. The passengers was different. He was loaded up with passengers. He was taking a risk, and making them take it with him. And they didn't know how big it was."

"He was a cranky cuss," declared Mike. "If he'd thrown us the rope instead of threatening to shoot us—"

"Well, he didn't," interrupted Captain Andy dryly. "And I don't know that I blame him. He couldn't. If he'd let his company in for salvage he stood to lose his job. A man must hold on to his job. He took the risk."

"And kept his job. For if he come in, or if he didn't come in, he's still skipper. Or is he? Now there's something to chew on. But what a night! We got some repairs needed. We got to put in for repairs pretty damn quick, too, or it'll be us floundering about. And there'll be no one standing by to throw us a line. Why a fishing boat don't have radio—"

"For the same reason that it don't have hot baths. Who'd take the baths? And who'd know how to tackle radio? And who'd pay for it? Us coming in with an empty hold? Where's the herring we ought to have?"

Mike took the barrage of questions with a troubled frown. "Yes, ask me. How do I know? Gone, I'd say. Gone with the whale, the seal, the walrus. Ask me where them fish are next. Gone into fish oil, all of them. Gone into the reduction plants. First the big fishes, now the little ones. That's where the herring is. Outfished."

"Not by us," growled Captain Andy. "I got the laziest, lousiest bunch of farmers on this boat that you'd comb the coast for. There's herring somewhere. It's for us to find them. We'll put in for repairs, but we're setting out again tomorrow, and we're not coming back till we find out where the herring are. And then put them where they ought to be—into the hold."

"And if we don't find them it's our last trip out," added Mike.

"No, if we don't find herring something else will turn up," said Captain Andy vaguely. To disagree with Mike was a habit which often led him into absurd statements.

"Like bonita—or albacore maybe?" suggested Mike.

"Yes," said Captain Andy stolidly. "Or ambergris."

The repairs to the boat were too slight to trouble Captain Andy, but the news that the Dawson steamer had not got off the rocks after all but had been lost in the storm with all on board troubled him considerably. He could not very well hold himself to blame for leaving at the skipper's threatening commands, but at the same time he knew that if he had stood by he could have given them the help needed before the storm broke over them.

"She shouldn't of gone down," he kept repeating to Mike as if the repetition would help to confirm it. Down in the engine room the tremor in his voice was covered by the soft slosh of the water against the side of the boat. "There was something unlucky about it. She

had every chance. She had us, she had the company boat on its way, she had the tide. And yet she went down."

Mike nodded his head, and cleared his mouth of tobacco juice. "For every ship that's lost, there's a reason for it. Something aboard that shouldn't be there, or something not aboard that should be. And which was which on this boat we won't never know."

"No, we won't never know," echoed Captain Andy, unconsciously agreeing with his engineer.

"Nor there won't anybody else ever know neither," continued Mike. "That there was a doomed ship when she left Dawson. She was a doomed ship when she slid onto that rock. The skipper thought to hold his job by waiting for the company boat. But he lost his job anyway. He lost not only his job, but everything else. He lost his life. His own life, and the lives of 242 other people. And he couldn't help it because she was a doomed boat. There was something aboard that shouldn't of been there."

"Yes, that's it," Captain Andy grasped gratefully at the exoneration that Mike's explanation offered him. "She had every chance, and yet she went down."

A half hour's further discussion on unfortunate ships that had floundered, all of it tinged with the fatalism and superstition of the deep water sailor, left Captain Andy with a better feeling regarding his lack of action in the matter of the Princess Dorothea, and he returned to his duties on deck. He had secured an advance on stores from the reduction plant manager, and late that afternoon the Saint Anne left her moorings again and headed out to sea. As night fell the boat was cruising not far from the scene of the wreck. The stars sparkled frostily in a clear sky above the dark expanse of water, and the wind had the bite of late autumn in it. The fishing boat was made as inconspicuous as possible, only the necessary running lights left burning in order to see the luminescence in the water to its best advantage. In most cases Captain Andy's trained eye was able to classify the kind of fish by the lines of luminescence in its trail, as well as the approximate tonnage of the shoals. Several times the lookout called fish, but Captain Andy decided each time that the milky patch was too small to be worth while setting out the nets. Finally, in sheer desperation, the boat circled a small school, but the haul was disappointing, hardly more than three tons. Another hour of intense searching brought a larger patch into view, and the nets were again let out. There was no conversation. It seemed as if the whole eleven men who made up the crew held their breaths for fear that the slightest noise would send the fish sounding to the bottom. The work proceeded in silence and darkness. Fishermen on the herring boats are paid on shares and work on the principle that what is good for one is good for all. But there was little good in this last catch. All but two tons of the herring had sounded. The net contained beside the herring a quantity of jellies, a small black fish, and the corpse of a woman. They threw the black fish back into the water, started brailing the herring into the hold, and laid the corpse out on the deck. Captain Andy regarded it solemnly. It was undoubtedly one of the passengers from the Princess Dorothea. Its wet hair streamed over its face, and through it the open eyes stared up at him glassily, as if it were returning a scrutiny as intense as his own. Captain Andy shuddered. Not but that he had seen corpses enough in his life, but this one from the lost Princess Dorothea had, in a way, resulted from his failure to stand by, and seemed to reproach him for it. His first impulse was to cast it overboard again. But that he could not do. A human body is entitled to decent burial, even at sea. Or failing that, he could take it into port, and receive compensation for it. Captain Andy decided on the latter course. He called up Mike, and together they placed it in the scuppers.

"Get a piece of canvas to cover it," said Captain Andy.

"She'll take a big piece," observed Mike. "She's a big woman—a square rigger—went down with her eyes open—seems like—Look at her again, Captain Andy. You been to Dawson as well as (Continued on page 40)



MEET MR. GLIB

By Philip Harkins

MR GLIB is a powerful fellow, yet powerless; wealthy, yet tomorrow he may be broke; above all, he is well-aided, for Mr. Glib symbolizes the bigshots in America's bizarre profession of radio announcing.

Suppose that by some fiendish invention it would suddenly be possible for us to see voices floating through the air, voices emanating from every radio station in the country: pleasant voices, aggravating voices, cultured voices, oafish voices. We can already hear them, but with this eerie creation we could see them soaring over mountain and valley from the Atlantic to the Pacific. During the morning and afternoon there would be so many cluttering up the ether waves that we would be unable to distinguish one from the other, even if we wanted to. But at night, when the big radio shows flash out over coast-to-coast networks we would see fatter, lustier voices. These are the familiar dialects that rush into your living room, charge into your dining room, stroll unconcernedly into your bedroom; ignoring walls, window-panes and locked doors. These are, this is, Mr. Glib.

Mr. Glib has been ridiculed and worshipped, praised and cursed: "For God's sake, turn that phony off! He's

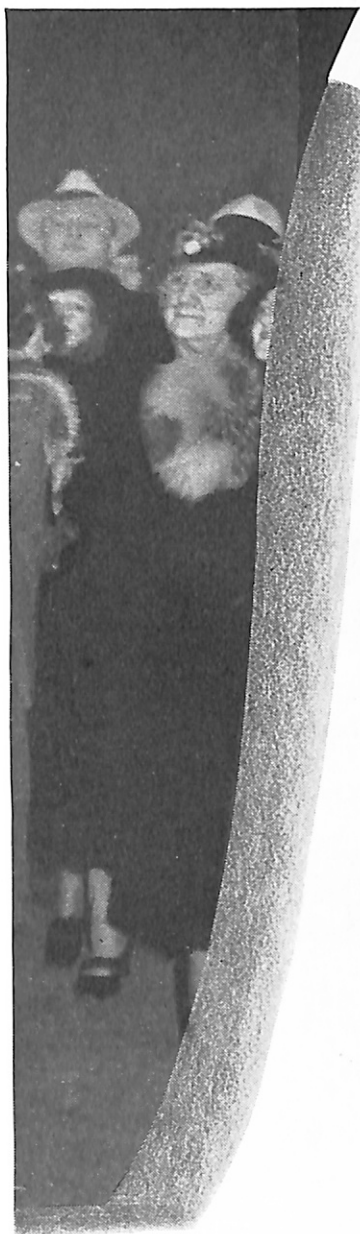
lousy!" On the other hand, sweet, feminine voices have been known to coo into studio telephones, "Oh, Mr. Glib, you have such a *thrilling* voice! Couldn't we meet sometime and have a cocktail?" Mr. Glib's liquid diet includes nectar as well as hemlock.

Mr. Glib reads what is given him to read, so that although his voice travels powerfully all over the world, it is actually powerless in that its movements are carefully charted on a script written by an advertising agency and approved by a sponsor.

In no other country in the world is radio-announcing as well paid as it is here in America. Mr. Glib makes anywhere from \$5,000 a year up to \$150,000, but a sudden twist of fate may send him skidding down the swift slide to obscurity. It wasn't so long ago that Alwin Bach won the diction prize, and diction prize winners enjoy considerable popularity and good salaries. Today Alwin Bach is no longer on the networks, no longer one of radio's well-paid performers.

Then there's the case of Norman Brokenshire. For awhile Brokenshire was riding high in the radio heavens, when suddenly a cloud burst, and Brokenshire dropped to earth with a thud. Today he is starting back up, but he's a long way from his former fame and affluence.

As compared to government ownership and subsequent government propaganda elsewhere, radio in the



Left: George Hicks, a typical radio announcer (in top hat, speaking into the mike), interviews the fashionable Mr. Lucius Beebe and his equally fashionable friends during the Easter parade

United States is a private business and a prosperous one. And like the newspaper business, it is founded on advertising; one might even say that it is engulfed by advertising. When a manufacturer wants to advertise his product with a radio show he usually goes to an advertising agency. For a cut of fifteen percent this agency assembles the talent and arranges for its broadcast subject to the sponsor's approval. Thus Mr. Glib not only has to keep in good with his sponsor, but with his advertising agency as well, and if he knows what's good for his bank account he'll do what teacher says.

In radio, pleasing the sponsor comes first and pleasing the advertising agency next, so by the time it gets around to pleasing the public it's time to close up shop and go home for dinner. The sponsor and the agency simply throw a dart at the target and

hope it hits the bull's eye. Of course, pleasing the public has nothing to do with pleasing the studio audience, but then a studio audience is just a cheerful claque which often annoys the listener-in with its obstreperous exuberance.

Choosing the right style of "delivery" often presents a problem to the announcer when the sponsor and the agency begin to cavil. For example, the Reeko Cigar Company decided to advertise its product over the air. Through an agency it hired an orchestra, a singer with a sob, and an announcer, which is the set-up for most radio shows. Two programs were broadcast and everything seemed as normal as things usually seem in radio. But after the third program the announcer was button-holed by the advertising agency.

"Herman," said the agency, "our client doesn't like the way you read the 'plug'."

"Whaddya mean?" asked Herman indignantly.

"Well, two salesmen for the Reeko Company say you sound as if you don't like Reeko cigars."

Herman, who thought he had injected as much enthusiasm as possible into his announcement without sounding too phony, exploded with rage.

"Don't like Reeko cigars!" he yelled. "Two salesmen telling me how to read my continuity! All right, I'm through! And you can tell those two dopes for me that they were right—I don't like Reeko cigars!"

"Continuity", the lines in the script written by the advertising agency, and the announcer's style in reading this continuity, play a major role in Mr. Glib's life. Some announcers are allowed to edit their continuity and I know one announcer on the Mutual Broadcasting System who wishes he had edited his blurb. It read, "Slithersoap ever keeps your hands snowy-white and soft." The announcer made the mistake that you or I might have made. He said, "Slithersoap *never* keeps your hands snowy white and soft." Some writer of advertising copy, evidently tired of using the word "always", had substituted the tricky "ever" with tragic results from the sponsor's point of view.

The imperatives, "Go to your nearest grocer", "Get a package of Flupso", "Do this", "Buy that", are something the announcer must read with diplomacy if he reads them at all. Listeners don't want to be bullied into buying this and getting that. They resent it and there is one very effective way of showing their resentment; they twist the dial and turn the program off.

Ed Thorgersen, who now does movie sport shorts which you probably see in your neighborhood theatre, used to be the announcer on a coast-to-coast show. Thorgersen thought he was giving the "plug" all he had, but the sponsor kept insisting on more enthusiasm. "Give it more punch, Ed," he would demand. So Thorgersen kept giving it more "punch" and by the end of the year he was punch-drunk and so was the audience.

William Haussler



At top: George Hicks, at his control board, points out the location of the buttons which control the broadcast. Also above, Ed Thorgersen, an excellent announcer who now announces movie shorts as well as broadcasts, and picks up quite a little change in the doing

In his sports shorts today Thorgersen's voice is quite subdued compared to what it used to be and this modulation can be traced to his unfortunate experience on the air.

There are several circuitous ways for an announcer to pad his income. He can do newsreels and movie shorts or recordings for electrically transcribed programs which pay anywhere from fifty to a hundred dollars a day—rather useful money. Harry Von Zell writes and sells radio scripts and some announcers produce air shows for advertising agencies. But it should be remembered when considering all this mazuma that Mr. Glib represents Palaver's Peerage and there are many plebeians in the ranks who are glad to get their thirty dollars a week.

Coast-to-Coast radio means tension and announcers are invariably nervous. They may be thinking of a score of things at the same time: the clock over their worried heads, their accents, their sponsor, their script, what they'll do if something goes wrong and what they'll do if they get fired. All this pressure makes for nervous stomachs and sometimes amusing mistakes. They are all the funnier because most announcers are striving for dignity and self-assurance and when they stumble it's like the old comedy gag where the dignified man in the silk hat falls flat on his pan in the mud puddle.

A short while ago Andre Baruch of WABC (who, by the way, got his start doing broadcasts from the Elks Club in Brooklyn) went on the air with this bland introduction, "Good ladies, evening and gentlemen of the radio audience."

Gabriel Heatter made a distinguished mistake recently in describing the battle-cry of the Rebels in Spain who had rescued the garrison of the besieged Alcazar. Croaked Heatter dramatically, "Bombs burst around Teruel, men eat mice and mules and Franco's men call to one another: 'Remember the Alcatraz! Remember the Alcatraz!'" (Perhaps he meant Capone's men.) Of course, Heatter is not really a radio announcer, he's one of those rich relatives, a commentator. The difference lies chiefly in the reading of a news agency dispatch. The announcer will say, "Paris—The French Cabinet fell today injuring thirty deputies sitting in right-field." While in the hands of a commentator the same cable would be changed to, "Well—the French Cabinet fell today, injuring thirty deputies sitting in right-field."

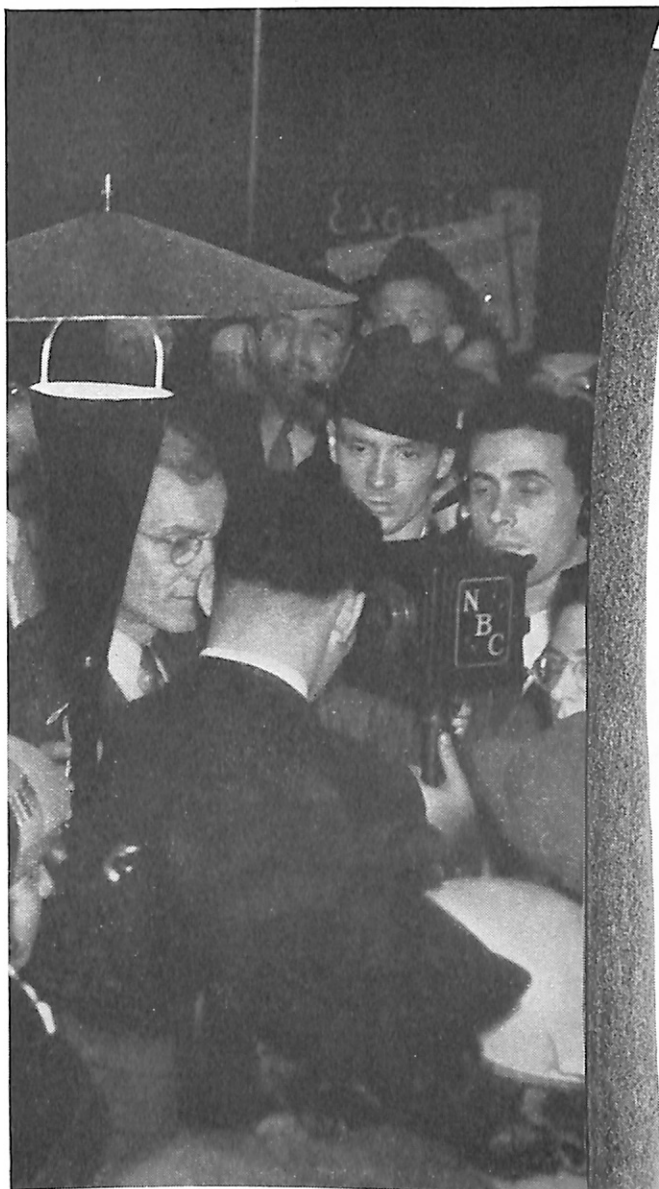
Announcing the correct time is simple enough if the hands point to exactly ten o'clock or five, or whatever it happens to be. But if the program runs over into the next hour some announcers get all mixed up. A short while ago a network announcer was waiting in front of the mike to give the correct time for Longines, with fifteen seconds to do it in. The program ran over, ending at exactly two minutes and forty seconds past ten o'clock and the announcer started off, "It is now forty minutes . . . er . . . four minutes . . . er . . . two seconds . . . er twenty minutes and four seconds . . . er (a dying gasp) . . . LONGINES!"

So that he will know when to emphasize and when to breathe deeply, Mr. Glib marks up his "continuity" with all kinds of esoteric symbols.

At top and on the opposite page: the crowd surrounding the mike gives a faint idea of some of the trials undergone by announcers working on "outside" programs. This is why they run screaming into the underbrush. Above left: George Hicks at the mike, broadcasting the maiden trip of the "Queen Mary". Above right: Harry Von Zell does a lot of clowning when he broadcasts. He also writes continuity and acts.



Photo by William Haussler



When Andre Baruch draws a diagonal line after a word it means "take breath". When he puts a small "u" around a comma it means "slight pause but no drop in tone". A bunch of circles means "take deep breath", and if Baruch were reading his own name—Andre Bernard Jean Jacques Rousseau Octavius IV Baruch de la Pardo—he would scribble circles all over the paper.

In an effort to call attention to their own voices some announcers precede even the title of a popular song with some long-winded rigamarole such as, "Birds flit through the trees, soft breezes blow through the air, the scent of fresh earth permeates the atmosphere and now you will hear the smooth, sophisticated rhythms of Milton Rose-in-bloom playing that lovely little melody entitled, "June, Moon and You, Baby". These egotists are sure that their style and "stuff" will make listeners say, "Who is that announcer?" The chances are it will, and the program will be avoided in the future.

As "stand by" time approaches in radio the studio about to go on the air feels less and less like a studio and more and more like an operating room. To ease the strain, the principals in the show may do anything from cursing and making faces at each other to wringing their hands and generally acting as if they had termites in their togas.

You wouldn't think that pushing a button would be difficult, but when you get nervous and are watching the red second-hand run around the NBC clock, and thinking about possible Spoonerisms like "nosy cook" for "cosy nook", then it becomes easy for the finger to jitter and push *Chimes* instead of *Network*. NBC is the only one of the three coast-to-coast systems that requires an announcer to push buttons. There are four principal ones on his control-board: *Network*, *Chimes*, *Studio* and *Nemo*. When you push the network button you "bring up" the network; when you push *Chimes*, that familiar "bung-bong-bawng" goes around the world; *Studio*, of course, is for the studio, and *Nemo* is for "remote control" programs. If you push the wrong button you're liable to cut the program off certain strands of the network and this is regarded as a shocking faux pas or treason.

Floyd Neale, an excellent commentator on classical music, pushed the wrong button at NBC and cut off a commercial announcement. It cost NBC more money in a refund than it paid Floyd for a year's work. Today he is announcing for the Mutual System but the jinx evidently, still pursues him (*continued on page 42*)



Above left: Paul Douglas, a former pro football player, has his own daily sports broadcast beside being heard here and there on other programs. Center: Gabriel Heatter, as WOR's news commentator, is one of those rich relatives to radio announcers. In other words, he edits the news and gets paid for it. Above right: Andre Baruch started out to be a pianist and ended up as a top flight announcer for Columbia

Paul Douglas photo by Ray Lee Jackson

Shorty —

By Alexander Key

COLONEL DAWSON was uncertain about the pup. He had never owned a dog in his life, and other than knowing that they were much preferred by alligators he was totally ignorant upon the subject. Until five minutes ago, when his chauffeur had stopped near a kennel for gas on the colonel's return trip from a Washington conference, he had never displayed the slightest interest in anything canine. On his Gulf Coast estate he kept a speed boat, an Alden yawl, two blooded sorrels and a parrot. There was, he remembered, a cat somewhere about the premises, but no dog. A man really should have a dog.

He bent down, undecided, and touched the pup's long silky ears. The pup beat his tail upon the ground, quivered, stared at him so wistfully with his liquid amber eyes that it seemed his dog mind was bursting with things to say.

The colonel was amused. "Er—ah—what make did you say he is?" he asked.

"Cocker spaniel, seh," the kennel man answered without changing expression. "The kids named him Shorty. Not that he's stumpy like those over-bred cockers—just look at his chest and those legs, an' the way he holds his head. I hate to part with him. He's the finest of the litter."

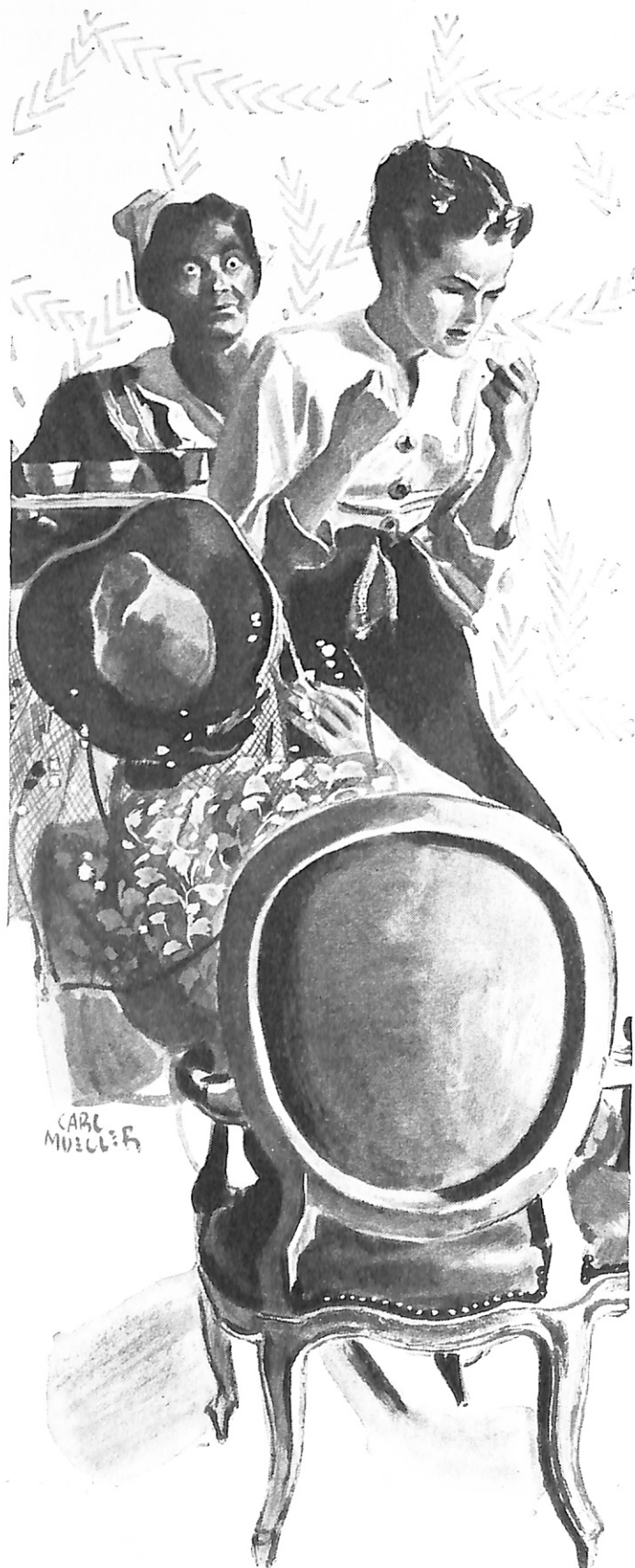
"Pedigreed?"

"Oh, seh!" The kennel man looked reproachful. "You should see his papers! A hundred an' fifty's dirt cheap for 'im. He's smart as a whip an' I wouldn't let 'im go for the price, only you're the first person he's ever taken a real likin' to. I'm mighty careful about placing my dogs."

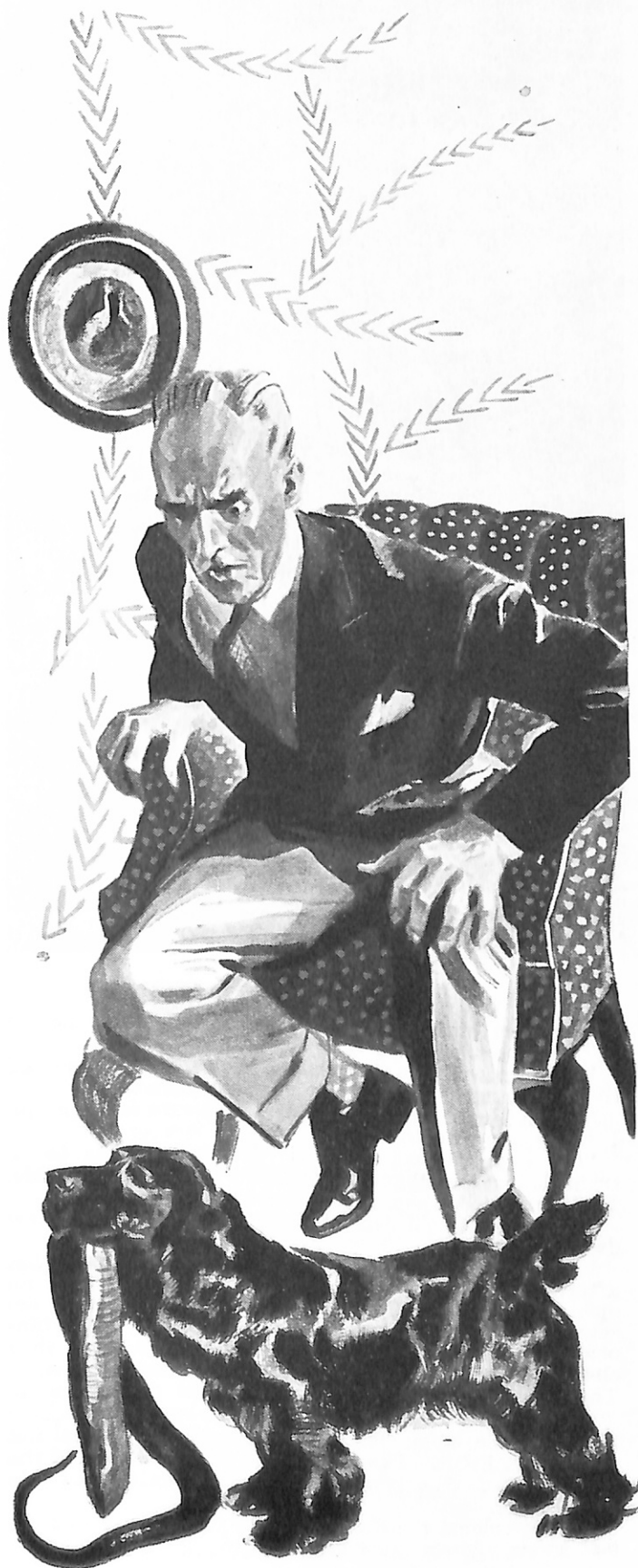
At this piece of flagrant trade flattery the colonel teetered on his heels, visibly pleased. In the end he bought Shorty, not because of any feeling of attachment, but because Shorty's cream taffy color exactly matched his sorrel thoroughbreds and his wife's hair, and because of Shorty's impressive pedigree. The colonel believed in pedigrees, whether they belonged to dogs, horses, women or yachts.

Shorty himself was disappointed, though hopeful. At first sight he had liked the colonel. The colonel was a jaunty, bronzed and well-set-up man of fifty, with a crisp, grey mustache and kindly blue eyes. The smell of him was on the pleasing side, arousing no fears or doubts. The colonel, instinct told him, should make the Ideal Master. When the colonel entered the kennel he had thrashed his tail and quivered, and licked the colonel's hand, trying his best to make the contact that every lonely dog hopes to make. In his eyes were all the things he wanted the colonel to know: if you will just take me, he tried to say, I will treat you better than any other dog on earth. Naturally, I will be a nuisance at times, but I will kill cats for you and frighten trespassers, and whatever you do will always be right. You will find me a friend and a slave that will follow you wherever you go, and every night I will sleep by your bed and protect you from those Things of the Dark that only a dog knows about. What more can a man ask?

But the colonel did not seem to comprehend. The colonel merely studied him briefly, nodded and turned away, more interested in the dossier of Shorty's ancestors than in Shorty himself. Shorty knew he had failed. He was somewhat surprised, therefore, when the colonel's chauffeur roughly transferred him outside and placed him in the back of the car with the baggage. Shorty realized he had acquired a Master, but for the



Illustrated by CARL MUELLER



first time in his life he was utterly miserable. The colonel was going to be a difficult bone to crack.

On that long drive to the Gulf, the colonel had reason to regret his purchase. Shorty behaved badly. He whimpered, he whined and at last he yelped dolefully. He kept it up for monotonous miles.

"What the devil's the matter with the little beggar?" the colonel asked his chauffeur.

The chauffeur looked blank. He loathed dogs, though he dared not admit it. "Mebbe—mebbe he's distempered."

"What's that?"

"I dunno. Something what gets wrong with dogs an' makes 'em mean."

"Well, stop a minute. A walk might do him good."

They stopped. Unfortunately, it was beside a stubble field in Georgia and there were quail in it. Before the leash could be snapped on his collar, Shorty was away. It was the only time he had ever been loose in the world, and he was a spaniel. He forgot the colonel, he forgot everything; he became an erratic, joyously yelping streak, unmindful of briars and ditches full of water. It took the chauffeur an hour and seventeen minutes to catch him—a little matter that did not cement any bond of friendship between the two of them.

THEY arrived at the colonel's estate late the next afternoon. It was a palm-shaded villa facing a blue lagoon. Green mangroves dipped their fingers in the water's edge. The trade wind brought with it the soft thunder of a distant surf. Shorty sniffed the salt air, caught the scent of things numerous and strange, and was enchanted. He would have bounded away had not the colonel grasped the leash tightly and dragged him into the house for the formality of introducing him to his wife.

The colonel's blond young wife was at tea. Like all his other acquisitions, she was decorative and pedigreed. She arose, staring aghast at the bundle of briar-torn and mud-caked energy that was Shorty. "My word, Charles, what in the world! A dog! What on earth do you intend to do with it?"

The colonel fingered his mustache, suddenly at a loss. This last question had never occurred to him. He realized, also, that he had made a mistake in producing Shorty without a preparatory bath and combing—though how he would have these matters attended to he did not know.

"Well, my dear," he began, absently letting the leash slip from his hand, "he was a rather handsome little beggar, so—"

He was interrupted by a scream. "Charles! Stop him! Oh, my heavens—and that's Grandmother's Spode!"

The scream, the crash of china, the ensuing hulla-baloo, were too much for the nerves of one small and lonely pup. It took the combined efforts of the colonel, his wife, the chauffeur, two maids and a visiting aunt to catch the frightened and suddenly rebellious Shorty. The colonel, by a few kind words and a friendly approach, could have done it alone and with no trouble at all, and thereby saved an alarming list of casualties—not to speak of establishing himself definitely as Shorty's god and protector. But the colonel had never handled dogs.

The colonel was an army man. He snapped orders as if he were directing a regiment; and when he had the trembling Shorty's leash again

Then there were other small annoyances, such as Shorty's habit of bringing all manner of strange things into the house and laying them at the colonel's feet.



he dragged him outside to administer punishment—his attitude being the same that he would have taken with a refractory squad of rookies.

Only the colonel had never experienced the imploring, reproachful and piteously forlorn look that a spaniel can get into his eyes. The colonel had a heart of butter under his outer crispness, and he thawed. His palm, raised for a healthy slap, descended almost tenderly.

Even so, the effect upon Shorty was unexpected. The time for friendship was past. Shorty was prepared for the worst. He yelped, cringing, and tugged at the leash with his tail between his legs.

The colonel's ego was profoundly shaken. This was no way for a dog to act. Not his dog. Devil take it, he'd always understood that a dog was a worshipful beast, with a tail made for the express purpose of wagging. If he'd picked a little brute who made a shambles of the house, and whose tail refused to work in the orthodox manner, then something was confoundedly wrong.

Feeling rather disgruntled and helpless, he turned Shorty over to the worried and doubtful chauffeur to be fed and bathed. And then, deeming it the best policy not to talk to his wife until matters had quieted down a bit, he stalked out to his boat for consolation.

Of all the colonel's possessions, his yawl ranked highest in his heart. He was proud of his estate, of course, and he was pleased with his matched sorrels which he and his wife occasionally rode; he rather liked his speed boat and the parrot that his wife idolized, because it could swear in Spanish; and he was deeply in love with his wife. But his yawl took first place in his affections. Some men are that way about horses, some about dogs. The colonel was that way about his sailboat, a thirty-six-foot jewel that had cost him five hundred dollars a foot.

Because the colonel had no room in his heart for new loves, his only emotion concerning Shorty became a tolerant regret. He rather hoped that, in the course of time, Shorty would develop into a model dog with a wagging tail, thus exonerating his own judgment.

TIME dashed his hopes and greatly increased his regret.

Shorty grew. The cook was black and Shorty treated her with suspicion, but under her administration he grew lusty and altogether handsome. If it had not been for the chauffeur who loathed him and whom he hated, life might have been pleasantly bearable. Because the chauffeur annoyed him in many small ways and because no one had any particular regard for him, he had no regard for anyone. To the colonel's dismay, Shorty became anything but a model of canine virtue.

It made no difference that he was denied the house. He contrived to get in and leave muddy footprints on the bed linen. He broke things. He stole things and hid them. He frightened the horses and dug up flower beds. He drove off the cat and was nearly the death of the parrot. On nights when the moon was full, he sat under the colonel's window and howled. If there was misery and longing in it the colonel failed to detect it. Not once did Shorty's tail wag for him.

So matters went until one morning Shorty made one of his periodic forays into the house and tangled with the maid as she was carrying in her mistress' breakfast tray. The maid was large, the breakfast ample, and the result was cataclysmic.

When the colonel's wife had recovered her composure, she said, with a certain icy firmness that always made the colonel uncomfortable, "Charles, I'll simply not have any more of this. You've got to get rid of that ugly little beast."

The colonel was of the same opinion. But he demurred. For one thing, he liked to form his own decisions. And, too, he hesitated to admit that he had erred in acquiring Shorty. But for this fact, Shorty might have been disposed of long before.

"Now, my dear," he drawled soothingly, "the little beggar's still just a pup. And as for being ugly—"

"His looks have nothing to do with it. In fact, I've



hardly seen him since he arrived, he's such a sneak."

"Now, now, my dear—"

"You know he is a sneak, Charles. I'm surprised that you haven't made some effort to train him."

"Train him? But you know I don't care for hunting. Fishing is my forte."

"Oh, dear! Such a man! Everything has to be trained—even husbands. But that dog is incorrigible. You'll have to do something about him."

"Well, well, we'll see. Let me think about it a few days."

Shorty gave him no chance to think about it. That afternoon Shorty ambled out on the dock, found an open hatch on the *Cygnat*, the colonel's yawl, and descended to the after cabin. He worried a pair of binoculars until their usefulness was forever over, then chewed through a ninety-dollar roll of coastal charts. This, like his other depredations, was partly due to growing pains, and mainly to a small-boy-like rebellion at impossible home conditions—though the colonel not once suspected it. The colonel had never considered the workings of Shorty's mind or the extent of his intelligence.

To the colonel the desecration of the *Cygnat* was the last straw. Shorty must go.



That is precisely what would have happened but for a strange incident that changed the whole course of Shorty's life.

The colonel awoke late that night, annoyed by the monotonous yelping of a dog far off in the mangroves. Several times he rolled over and tried to go back to sleep.

The sound stayed with him, lonely, piteous, pleading.

The colonel had been through a war or two. He had shot men and been shot himself. He knew pain, and fear, and he recognized the sound of it. He also recognized Shorty's voice. Shorty was in trouble. The nature of it was not hard to guess when he remembered the colored gardener's weakness for trapping.

There was another thing he remembered, the one original fact in his now growing knowledge of dogs. Swearing a bit, the colonel got up, drew on his clothes and his boots, slipped a gun into his pocket, picked up his flashlight and went out. Shorty might be a nuisance of the first water, but he was in pain and had to be helped. The colonel would have taken the same attitude toward his worst enemy.

Sounds carry a long way on a still night. With several water lanes to cross and the denser mangrove thickets to avoid, it was nearly an hour before the

For an instant it appeared to be part of the mud flat—then all at once it was up on its legs and charging with incredible speed upon himself and the spaniel!

colonel neared Shorty. The spaniel caught his scent long before that, and began yelping in a hopeful frenzy.

The colonel plunged straight toward him, hip-deep through a slough. "Shut up, you damned fool!" he roared. "You'll have every 'gator in the country after

you!" He reached the far bank, gun ready, and began stumbling through the nearly impassable tangle of mangrove roots.

There was one thing Shorty had yet to learn about the country—that no alligator alive can resist a yelping dog. Why Shorty had not already been converted into a meal was a matter of pure luck.

The colonel found him on the edge of a mud flat, left foreleg fast in a trap. He played his flashlight around quickly, saw nothing alarming, then slid the gun into his pocket and dropped beside the trap. Shorty whimpered and ceased struggling.

The colonel was always a little uncertain about what followed. As nearly as he could remember, the spaniel gave a sharp, warning bark and jumped frantically before he could open the spring. There was a slithering sound, and something exploded about his ankles as if he had been struck by a flying (Continued on page 44)

Show-business

Right are Luise Rainer and Robert Young, costumed for their roles in "The Toy Wife". Miss Rainer, cast with Mr. Young, Melvyn Douglas, H. B. Warner and Barbara O'Neil, plays a jittery wife who effectively manages to ruin the lives of those who surround her. As one of the screen's foremost actresses, Miss Rainer, unbelievably lovely, turns in one of her usual excellent performances; young Mr. Young gives a consistently fine piece of make-believe, while the remainder of the cast is adequate in a melodramatic film.



Richard Dix, a perennial screen star, stages something of a comeback in "Blind Alibi". At right he, as a blind man, is shown with Lightning as his faithful guide dog. With Lightning playing the part of his eyes, Mr. Dix plunges valiantly into adventurous intrigue, foiling burglary and murder on one hand, and saving his sister's honor on the other. Much action, much nobility, much heart-throbs.



For our money New York town's latest musical comedy, "I Married an Angel", is the best show of its kind since "The Band-Wagon". Dennis King and Vera Zorina are starred. Below Audrey Christie and Vivienne Segal are very funny as forty-eight chorus girls. All Elks coming East for the Convention are advised to spend their money at the Shubert Theatre.



Above: Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney in "Lord Jeff", a saga of boyhood loyalties and other admirable virtues as they are exemplified in the British Merchant Marine. Young Mr. Bartholomew will, as usual, expertly raise lumps in a million throats, while Mr. Rooney provides the laughs.



Above is Tallulah Bankhead, the Glamour Girl, and her husband, John Emery, in Somerset Maugham's famous comedy, "The Circle", as it is presented in New York this year. Miss Bankhead is co-starred with Miss Grace George, who, it is comforting to relate, walks away with the show as usual.



Above: Three of the loonies who contribute to the general mad doings of "What a Life", George Abbott's latest hit. The comedy is a realistic tale of the jams and tribulations suffered by a high school boy. Also recommended for visiting Elks. Left is a scene from the Pulitzer Prize play, "Our Town", by Thornton Wilder, a play of small-town American life so heart-warming and sincere that it copped the year's best prize.



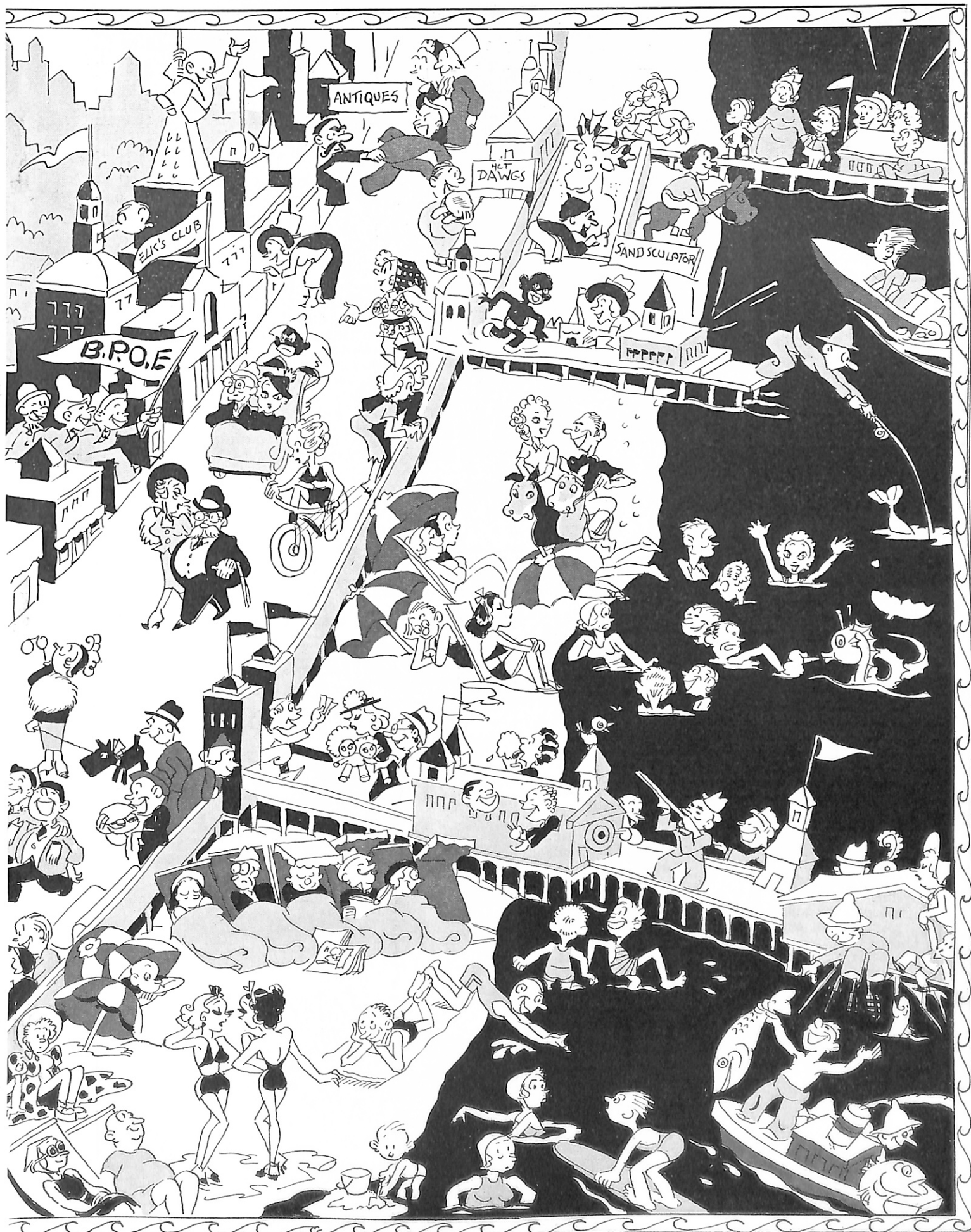
Atlantic City —for the Elks' 74th National Convention

Familiar greetings will resound along the length of Atlantic City's famous Boardwalk next month, when Elk meets Elk at the Seventy-fourth Annual Reunion of the B.P.O.E. From Governor A. Harry Moore down to the most lowly citizen, New Jersey is ready to give the Order its greatest Reunion—one that will be marked with pleasant memories of the most enjoyable week ever afforded a fraternal order. For months the committee in charge has been working incessantly to build up a superlative program.

From the opening day on July 10, until the last Elk leaves Atlantic City for Oshkosh, Los Angeles and Galveston, the resort will be turned over to the visiting herd. Mayor White echoed the sentiment of the entire city when he said, "I can assure you that all of Atlantic City's citizens will be pleased to entertain you and to make your stay one that will be memorable."

One of the highlights of the Reunion will be a Night of Nights at Atlantic City's \$15,000,000 Auditorium on the Boardwalk. The feature of the evening will be a spectacular Ice Carnival on 20,000 feet of real ice, with more than 60 of the world's foremost figure-skating stars participating. Seldom, if ever, has a convention been afforded such an unusual treat as an ice show in the heat of a July night, and advance reports on the production are that it will top all previous convention entertainment. The official program (tentative) of the Convention can be found on page three of this magazine.





Carl Crow, the author of "Master Kung" and "400 Million Customers". Mr. Crow lived in China for 25 years as a newspaper man and was probably the best informed American in China



What America Is Reading

Highlights in New Books

by Harry Hansen

The Pulitzer Prize Awards

WHEN the Pulitzer prizes for distinguished books in fiction, poetry, history, biography and drama are announced by Columbia University each spring, the booksellers of the country dust off their stock and give the prize-winners another chance in the front window. And often books of merit have a second flowering, as new readers discover them. There is always a great deal of discussion and controversy over the books chosen for prizes, but the institution itself has my warm support. For many readers hear of these books for the first time when ribbons are pinned on them. This year the novel prize goes to "The Late George Apley", by John P. Marquand, which was published originally in the *Saturday Evening Post* and appeared in book form on January 4, 1937. A fine ironic study of a Boston Brahmin, it shares the scene with "The Last Puritan" but gives a much clearer portrait of its chief character, and is really what the book pretends, "a novel in the form of a memoir".

Of the other prize-winners, Marquis James's "Andrew Jackson: Portrait of a President" is especially fine reading for those interested in the great figures of American history. In his life of Sam Houston, "The Raven", and in the first of the Jackson books, "Andrew Jackson: the Border Captain", Mr. James writes with vigor and authority, giving full-length portraits, and no reader of the Jackson books can forget the eager, energetic backwoods leader and his sad, dignified and anxious wife. The award in biography was shared with Odell Shepard's "Pedlar's Progress", a long and solid record of the life of Bronson Alcott, father of Louisa May Alcott, and one of the most lovable and erratic of the Concord group. The history prize went to "Road to Reunion" by Prof. Paul H. Buck of Harvard, a study of the social and cultural development of the South; the play prize went to "Our Town" by Thornton Wilder, also available in published form but less interesting than in the theatre; the poet chosen for the award was Marya Zaturenska, for a little book of poems called "Cold Morning Sky".

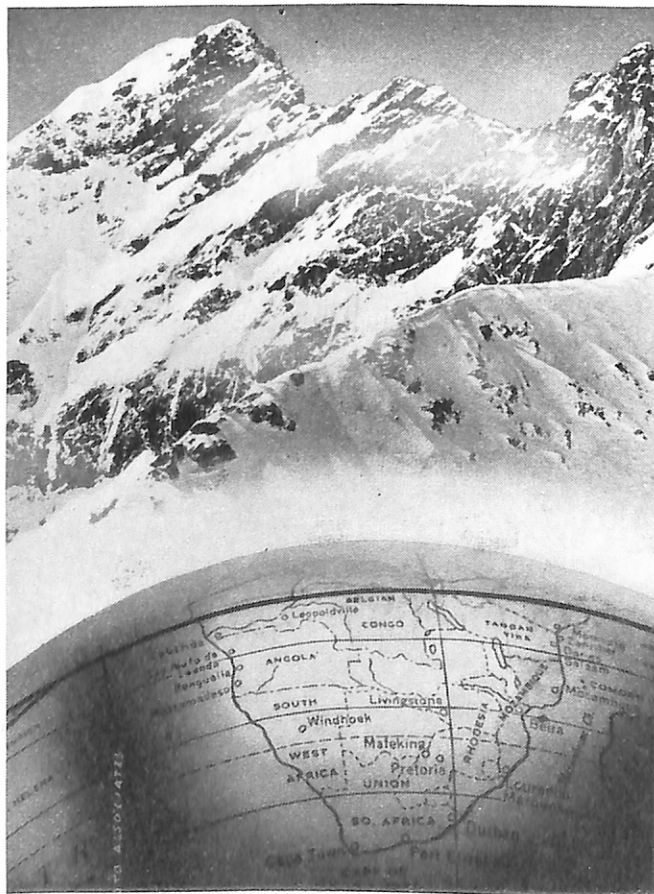
"Master Kung"—A Life of Confucius

Carl Crow might have lived a life-time in China

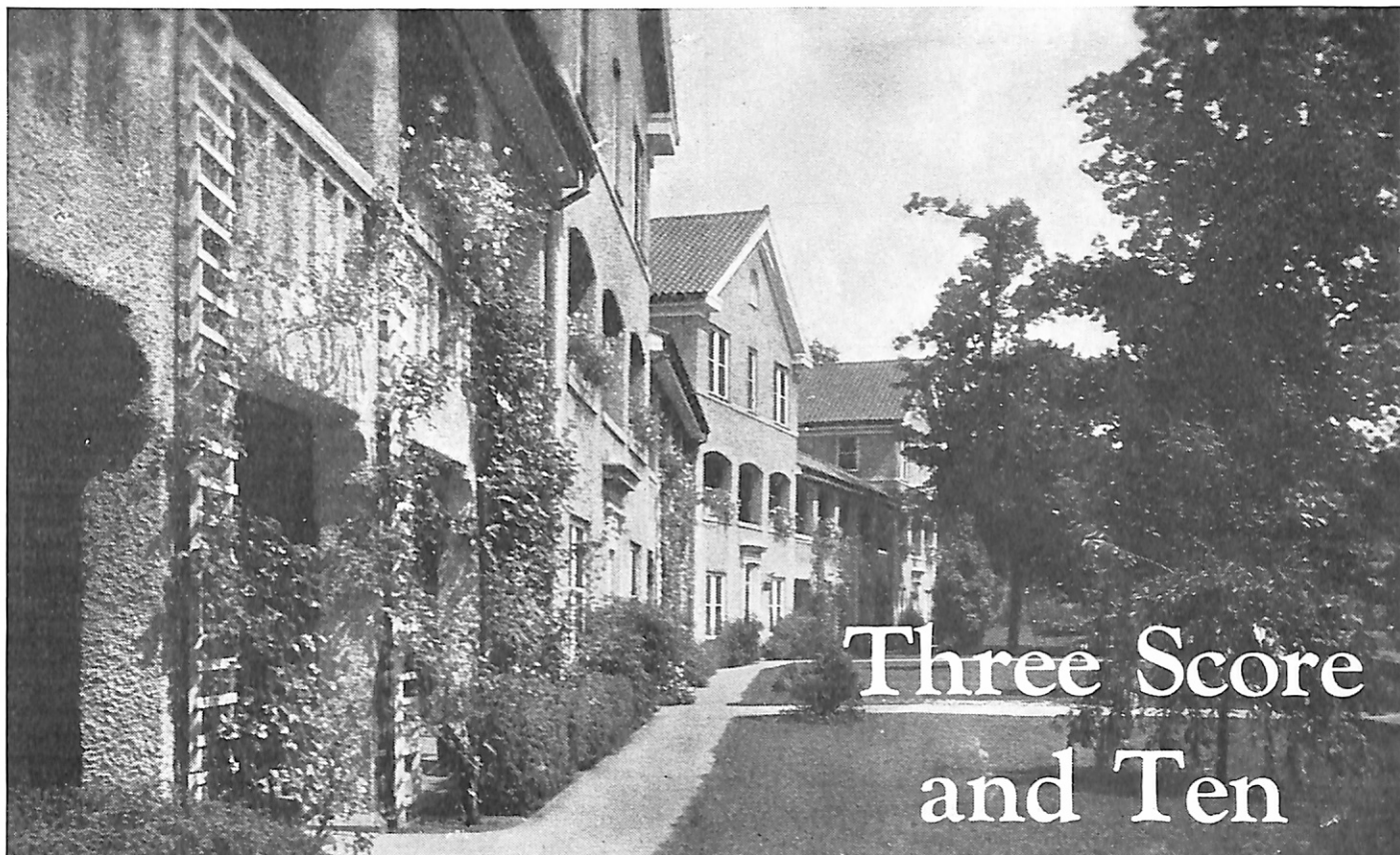
without ever giving any attention to China's scholars. He was first a newspaperman and then head of an advertising agency in Shanghai, and his "400 Million Customers" describes modern China with intimate knowledge and friendliness. But he developed a deep interest in China's past, and with long study discovered the man behind the sayings of Confucius.

As he says, to many of us Confucius is just a collection of epigrams, a wise man saying, "Do not unto others what you would not have others do unto you," but Carl Crow saw him as a human being, playing a part in his own time, teaching his disciples, solving complicated political situations by diplomacy and bringing peace to embattled communities. So he has written the story of the man, the teacher and the philosopher in "Master Kung", for that, says Mr. Crow, is the name by which he is best known. The book is embellished with reproductions of drawings depicting the life of the sage.

"It is very difficult for one who has not lived in China or made a rather thorough study of Chinese life to have any comprehension of the almost universal acceptance of his teachings as embodied in this work," says Mr. Crow, in writing of the "Analects" or conversations of Kung. "From a period which antedates the birth of Christ every schoolboy has been required to memorize his teachings and every educated man has mastered them, with the result (Continued on page 54)



Jacket design for "Snow on the Equator", by H. W. Tilman (Macmillan)



Cottages G and H, at the Elks National Memorial Home, in Bedford, Va.

SEVENTY years have passed since a small group of inspired men lit the candle that has illumined and guided us along time's path in Elksdom. That candle was kindled from the flame of four virtues that burned in their hearts—the virtues of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity.

No pretense of grandeur vested their modest meeting place, no emotion other than the deepest humility imbued them when they foregathered in fraternal communion. Yet that modest room soon changed into an edifice, and that humility soon turned to a just pride, for the light they held aloft attracted men from all walks of life—men fleeing from hate, from guile, from bigotry and, above all, from luke-warm patriotism to the avowed and open practise of the ideals which we have inherited and which bespeak for us complete spiritual as well as corporeal unity.

The light still shines. To the general public it reveals only those spectacular undertakings with which the Elks have been nationally identified, such as our National Home, our relief work in the World War; our National War Memorial Building in Chicago, the most beautiful war memorial in the world; our National Foundation, devoted exclusively to educational and humanitarian purposes, and our Elks Magazine, the official organ of the Order. To us in Elksdom, however, the light glows most strongly upon the continuing, unheralded charitable work performed by our lodges everywhere, as well as upon the character and patriotism of the individual members who make up what we affectionately call—"The Order".

For seventy years the candle has burned, while The Order has grown from the modest to the magnificent, has increased in membership from a parlor group to a half million, all prototypes of the serious-minded, idealistic founders who sought to place in the offered friendly hand the very clasp of the human heart.

Seventy years hence, the light of our cardinal

A brief historical account of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks since its birth seventy years ago

precepts will still comfort and fire human emotions and impulses, because, social-conscious, self-perpetuating, our Order must be regarded as the leading American patriotic, fraternal organization today, a perennial force for good.

Thoughts of the Order's Seventieth Anniversary stir memories of its history.

Previous to that eventful moment on February 16th, 1868, when the founders of our Order adopted the symbolic name of "Elks", those gentlemen were members of a social group known as the

"Jolly Corks". The Corks, as may be gleaned from their name, were devoted to purposes of conviviality. To understand them best, however, it is necessary to understand the New York in which they moved, for, while not as famed as the Gay Nineties, the sixties were merry enough to qualify as a prelude to that better-known decade.

An insight into the veneer of humor that coated New York in those days can be gained from the names given some of the public houses. A saloon with a rooming house upstairs, which was frequented mostly by gamblers and disreputable characters, bore the ridiculous appellation of "House of Lords". Other hotels and restaurants vied for public notice with names such as, "Dublin Tricks", "Harrison Shades", "Hong-Que". Certain types of restaurants were styled "Free and Easies", but they were merely places where men ate chops, drank ale, and smoked; they had none of the qualities which the connotation of such a label might read into them today. Since it is most advisable for those in Rome to act like Romans, it follows that the Jolly Corks in facetious New York did well to be convivial.

The man who originated the Corks in this quasi-comic atmosphere was Charles A. Vivian, son of an English clergyman, and it was through one of these poorly-named Free and Easies, the Star, on a night in November of 1867, that Vivian, (*Continued on page 46*)

YOUR DOG

by Captain Will Judy



Photo by Doris Day

Disobedient, Tramp, and Unwatchful Dogs

THE disobedient dog reflects unfavorably upon his master; the old saying, "like master, like dog", is true. Every breed can be trained fully in obedience if proper, constant training is used. The saying, "you can't teach an old dog new tricks", is true only of a trainer who does not understand his dogs.

OBEDIENCE RULES

Training in obedience can begin as early as three months. Here are some major rules: 1. Have only one master. Too many people giving orders confuse the dog and make him unmindful. 2. Do not overlook a single disobedience. If you tell your dog to come to you, insist that he come. 3. Correct your dog not so much by whipping and punishment as by repeating commands and insisting that he go thru with them. There is no quick and magic way to make a dog obedient. Two to three months' time will be required to transform an unruly dog into an obedient servant.

A dog does just what he believes his master will permit him to do. Too much kindness is a chief cause of disobedience. Be firm but not cruel with your dog. Catch him with a reprimand, not after he has started to disobey, but just about the moment he begins. Do not permit any disobedience to go by without a reprimand. Punishment can well be given by a stern rebuke or with a rolled newspaper struck over the rump of the dog.

TRAMP DOGS

By nature dogs like to roam. Some breeds are referred to as "tramp" breeds. Usually any lively, courageous dog likes to run about. It is a hard habit to stop. The following suggestions will aid:

1. Feed your dog at regular intervals and at the same place. Underfeed him rather than overfeed; this will tend to make him anxious to be home at feeding time.
2. Keep your dog confined an hour or so each day on a chain or in a room in order to give him a "sense of property".
3. The moment the dog in your sight steps off the premises, call him back. If this is done when the dog is a puppy, he seldom forgets.
4. If the dog has been away, do not punish him upon his return. He does not connect the punishment with the crime and gets into his mind that he had better stay away from home longer next time.
5. Give him his own individual sleeping and resting quarters so that he will be anxious to remain near where they are.
6. A dog too friendly will wander about; let your dog have one master and do not let everyone pet him.

UNWATCHFUL DOGS

Most dogs have a sense of "property ownership" and consider their master's property sacred. Some dogs, however, are lazy and shiftless. (Continued on page 55)



Mistwood Enchantress, cocker spaniel, courtesy
Mistwood Kennels, Wooster, Ohio

The Breed Improves

By
Stanley
Frank



THE afternoon of July 4, 1910, was limping along to a humid, lazy conclusion when suddenly, as if by a prearranged signal, hell broke loose throughout the country. A black-skinned man had battered and beaten a white man at Reno, Nevada, and the news relayed by stuttering telegraph and ticker-tape released, with terrifying swiftness, a flood-tide of primitive passions which was translated into the ugliest, most insane manifestation of man's supreme inhumanity to man: race riot.

Because Jack Johnson, the black-skinned man, had knocked out Jim Jeffries, the white man, in the fifteenth round to become the first Negro heavyweight champion of the world, at least ten people were killed and hundreds painfully injured in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, New Orleans, Atlanta, St. Louis, Little Rock, Houston.

One hour after Promotor-Referee Tex Rickard lifted Johnson's right hand in the traditional gesture of victory, a Negro had been lynched in Charleston, Mo.,

a white man had been fatally shot in Arkansas. Gangs of infuriated white men prowled the streets of major American cities looking for Negroes and beating them unmercifully. Delirious, gin-crazed Negroes brandished guns and knives. A Negro with a rope around his neck was saved by police from a crazed mob of 3,000 men in West Thirtieth Street, New York City; a Negro was dragged from a street car in Harlem and beaten so viciously that he subsequently died. Dr. Alexander Brown, a white physician on West Sixty-sixth Street in New York, threatened a howling mob with a gun until the police arrived to rescue the Negro who had taken refuge in his home.

The terror of race riot was upon the land for days and provoked sporadic disturbances in eleven cities. Feeling was so intense that governors of several states prohibited the showing of motion pictures of the Johnson-Jeffries fight weeks later in the fear that the fire of intolerance would flame again. And at least ten people lay in their graves (Continued on page 52)



EDITORIAL

ELKS' FLAG DAY

THE Grand Exalted Ruler who presided over the Grand Lodge Session in 1907 suggested in his annual report that the Order should establish a Flag Day "when the all-absorbing theme shall be patriotism—a day for rehearsing the history of our land and Order, a day of apotheosis to our banner."

It was appropriate that this suggestion should be made in the City of Philadelphia, which had been the center of so much of our early history and where our fundamental law, the Constitution, was drafted and promulgated to the thirteen original states for adoption. It was appropriate for another reason, as it was in Philadelphia that Betsy Ross in 1776 made the first United States Flag from a rough design submitted by General Washington, which design, on June 14, 1777, was adopted by the Congress as the National Emblem. We discard the claim, perhaps historically correct, that Betsy Ross did not make the first flag. We prefer the story as we learned it in childhood.

The suggestion of an Elks' Flag Day was enthusiastically received, adopted by the Grand Lodge, June 14 designated as the day, and a committee appointed to prepare a ritual for its observance. Such a ritual was reported to the Grand Lodge at its Dallas Session in 1908 and, after exemplification, was unanimously adopted.

So strongly did the observance of the day appeal to the Order that a demand was made that its annual observance be made mandatory on subordinate lodges. At the Los Angeles Grand Lodge Session in 1909 the then Grand Exalted Ruler in response to many inquiries stated that the Grand Lodge had not made the observance of the day mandatory probably for the reason that such action was

deemed unnecessary "as the patriotic sentiment permeating the Order will doubtless impel each lodge properly to honor the day".

Thus the record stood until the Grand Lodge Session at Atlantic City in 1911, when a statute was enacted making the observance obligatory on subordinate lodges, which statute is still in effect. This action was taken not that there had been lack of observance, but in order further to recognize the patriotic significance of the day and impress its importance by legislative recognition.

It is a matter of pardonable pride that our Order thus went to the forefront in establishing and observing Flag Day with appropriate ceremonials, and it is gratifying that other patriotic organizations have emulated our example until now Flag Day is generally observed throughout the length and breadth of the land.

OUTLINE OF LODGE ACTIVITIES

INACTIVE muscles atrophy and hence become useless. The same thing happens to inactive lodges.

The responsibility of keeping lodges active rests on the shoulders of the officers; the major responsibility is, of course, on the shoulders of the Exalted Ruler. It is not an easy matter to keep a lodge on its toes and at all times active in some worthwhile undertaking. It requires much thought and wise planning and is a constant challenge to the ingenuity and resourcefulness of the Exalted Ruler, his chair officers and committeemen.

In an effort to be of practical assistance, the Grand Exalted Ruler has placed in the hands of every Exalted Ruler a portfolio containing well-considered suggestions, attractively printed and conveniently arranged for ready reference. The preparation of these suggestions has required much thought, but we believe the resulting benefit to every lodge will more than compensate the Grand Exalted Ruler for the time devoted to an effort to assist in solving this ever-present and, at times, perplexing problem. It is to be hoped



that every Exalted Ruler will be equally zealous in putting these suggestions into actual operation, for only in this way can they be made effective and the Order be benefited thereby.

INADVERTENT CHRISTENING

IT is, of course, true that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, but nevertheless names are peculiar things with which to conjure. To use slang phrases, some "catch on" and others "fail to click". The name "Rough Riders" as applied to Roosevelt's now famous regiment in the Spanish-American War is one that "caught on", meeting, as it at once did, with popular acclaim. The story of how it came to be so known as "Rough Riders" is of real interest, for the name did not receive Teddy's approval. We are indebted to a pamphlet issued by the National Press Club of Washington, D. C., for the story.

In the early days of the Spanish-American War Teddy, as he was even then familiarly and affectionately known, was Assistant Secretary of Navy. He had the urge to organize and command a regiment in that conflict. Confidentially he advised his friend Dick Oulahan of the *New York Times* of what he had in mind and that he desired to recruit such a regiment from the ranks of western cowboys noted for courage and stamina. Oulahan covered it in a two-column story in which he referred to the proposed regiment four times as the Rough Riders. The article was submitted to Teddy, who approved of it except as to Oulahan's christening. Of this he disapproved and marked it out of the copy in three places but overlooked the fourth which was in the concluding paragraph. As thus edited it was sent in to the Times for publication and went to the headliner whose eye and imagination were challenged by the one remaining "Rough Riders" and he put it in his headlines. Thus inadvertently and against his will, Teddy had sanctioned a name for his regiment which caught the popular fancy.

BETTER TOMORROW



FTTIMES a fundamental philosophy finds expression in some homely phrase. By way of illustration we recount a short dialogue between two elderly gentlemen who met upon a highway in one of the midwest States a few years ago. By way of greeting one said to the other, "Hello, how are you today?" The reply, "Better than tomorrow." Here in three words is expressed the apprehension of uncertainty, doubt and fear as to the future. It is this very philosophy which is at the bottom of present conditions, and this country is not coming out of the doldrums which now stand across the pathway of prosperity so long as it obtains.

Another illustration is to be found in a conversation which we recently had with a doctor regarding one of his patients. The doctor said, "He is in a bad way. He says he doesn't care whether he lives or dies and in that frame of mind he probably will make a die of it." A few weeks later we renewed the inquiry and the doctor replied, "Oh, he's coming along all right now. He has made up his mind he wants to live."

As a nation we must get away from the feeling that we don't care. We must maintain a cheerful outlook on the future. We must discard the thought that we are better today than we expect to be tomorrow. We must disseminate sunshine instead of gloom. We must think and speak cheerfully and confidently of the future. The result will be tremendous. The sun of prosperity and contentment will soon begin to rise on the eastern national horizon and ere long will flood the country.

Let us as Elks start the ball rolling and keep it rolling. When asked how business is, don't say, "Better than tomorrow," but cut out the "than" and let the answer stand, "Better tomorrow and still better the next day." This will have a wonderful influence on your frame of mind and will be reflected in the minds of all those with whom you come in contact. Just remember the old and trite saying, "The most of my troubles never happened."



Above: A view of the Upper and Lower Towns of Quebec, Canada, with the Chateau Frontenac and the St. Lawrence River in the background. This is one of the many beautiful scenes which will be viewed by Elks of the Nation who will participate in the Elks Good-Neighbor Visit to Canada aboard the Duchess of Atholl. The visit will take place immediately after the National Convention in Atlantic City in July.

Right: A photograph of the float entered by Steubenville, Ohio, Lodge in the Northwest Territory Parade.



Under the Antlers

*News of Subordinate
Lodges Throughout
the Order*

Cub Scout Track Meet Sponsored by Whittier, Calif., Lodge

Whittier, Calif., Lodge, No. 1258, sponsored a Cub Scout Track Meet recently under the supervision of Trustee Clifford Ford. A group of Elks, which included E.R. Eugene H. Troskey, Exalted Ruler-elect Fred Peters and Mr. Ford, presented trophies and ribbons to individual winners, and a trophy to Cub Master E. M. Auld for the troop earning the most points. A vaudeville show, especially designed for youngsters, was given and refreshments were served. The event will be held annually hereafter. The lodge received much favorable publicity in the local newspapers and a great deal of praise in the community.

Ladies of Bremerton, Wash., Lodge Sponsor Safe Driving Course

A course in safe driving, extending over five weeks, was sponsored this Spring by the ladies of Bremerton, Wash., Lodge, No. 1181. The "Safe Drivers School for Women" was held in the lodge home, and was open to the women drivers of Bremerton and Kitsap County. Several hundred registered. The object of the course, which was sponsored in cooperation with the Elks Safety Committee, the Bremerton Police Department, the Washington State Patrol and the Education Department of the W. P. A., was to prepare the ladies for the operators' license examination required by the State and to make them safety conscious.

Newark, O., Lodge Votes to Build Memorial at Scout Reservation

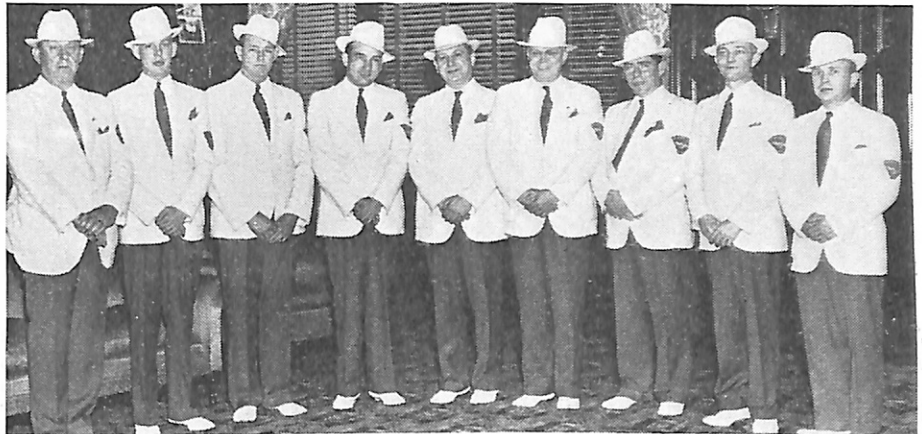
At a regular meeting, Newark, O., Lodge, No. 391, voted unanimously to build, as a memorial to present and future Boy Scouts, a stone chimney and fireplace at the new log cabin on the Scout reservation. H. A. Albyn is Chairman of the committee working on the project with Scout Executive H. S. Bauman. Troop No. 5, which meets in the Wilson School, is sponsored by Newark Lodge. It has a membership of 32 Scouts led by Scoutmaster Fred Schenk.

Macomb, Ill., Lodge Entertains For Elks and Legionnaires

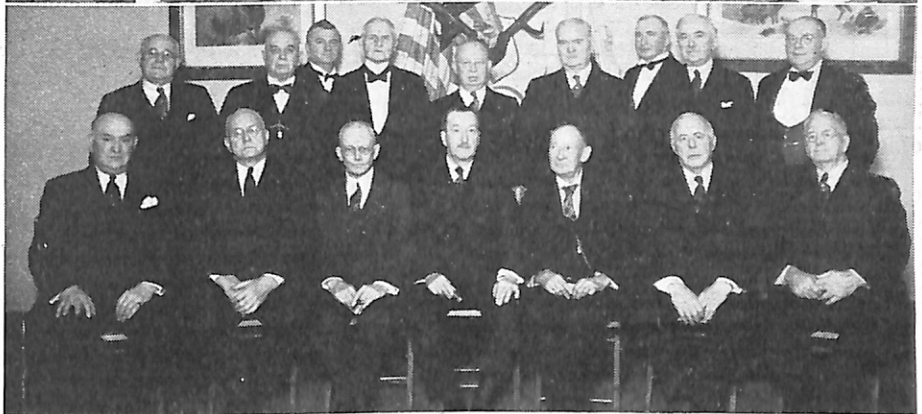
More than 300 Elks and Legionnaires were entertained at a delightful affair given in March by Macomb, Ill., Lodge, No. 1009, for its own members and the members of McDonough County Post No. 6, of the American Legion. E. R. R. B. Purdum opened the meeting, and then turned it over to J. H. Foster, Chairman of the Arrangements Committee. Mr. Foster acted as Toastmaster and Circuit Clerk Herbert A. Bobbitt was Master of Ceremonies.

A buffet luncheon, served by the Elks' Entertainment Committee, was one of the real features of the evening. R. B. "Dick" Bradley of Peoria occupied the main spot on the entertainment program.

Below, center: Old Timers of Brookline, Mass., Lodge who were honored at Old Timers' and Past Exalted Rulers' Night.



Below: The Degree Team of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge which has helped considerably in attracting new candidates.



Antlers Lodge at Washington, Mo., Is a Fine Organization

Twenty-three young men were initiated into the newly instituted Antlers Lodge of Washington, Mo., Lodge, No. 1559, at a meeting in late February. The members of the Antlers Degree Team, performed the ritualistic work like veterans. The meeting was addressed by State Trustee E. J. Martt of St. Louis Lodge. Mr. Martt is a Past President of the Missouri State Elks Association. He was accompanied by a large delegation of St. Louis Elks. Dr. Marion Hull, who assisted splendidly in the organization and institution of the Antlers Lodge, also spoke. Members of the Elks Ladies' Auxiliary acted as hostesses and provided a delicious luncheon.

The idea of a local Antlers Lodge started in the home of a Washington Elk when his 16-year-old son expressed a desire to become an Antler. The father brought up the subject at a lodge meeting and was appointed by the Exalted Ruler to act as chairman of a committee to investigate its possibilities. Washington Lodge looks upon its junior organization as one of its most important assets, and is especially proud of the Antlers Degree Team. The Team has offered to assist in the institution of other Antlers Lodges, the installation of their officers and the initiation of candidates.



Above, center: Students of Boise, Ida., who won prizes offered by Boise Lodge for essays written in connection with that Lodge's Highway Safety Contest.

Above: The officers of Bishop, Calif., Lodge who in the lodge's first year have initiated 52 new candidates. Under their administration the new Lodge is flourishing.



Left: Some of the 350 persons who packed the Huron, S. D., Lodge Home on the occasion of the Fortieth Anniversary banquet of Huron Lodge.

South Bend, Ind., Lodge Initiates Its Largest Class in Years

South Bend, Ind., Lodge, No. 235, held a special meeting several weeks ago for the initiation of its largest class in 15 years. Fifty-four were initiated and 27 reinstated. This was accomplished through the efforts of E.R. Paul V. Gouker with the combined and enthusiastic cooperation of officers and members.

In a recent successful membership campaign, the lodge employed an original method. In the contest between two teams, the results were measured in points, \$5.00 being a point. Credit for points was made only when cash accompanied the signed application—not on the prospect of getting it. As the time for initiation drew near, no uncertainty existed as to the actual number of names to be added to the membership roll. The teams used the same plan in securing the reinstatements of former members and collections of delinquent dues.

An old-time Elk spirit has been revived in the lodge. Plans are being

carried out to make use of all the facilities of the home for various types of activities of interest to members of all ages, and to their families.

Official Visit of D.D. W. S. McAtee to El Reno, Okla., Lodge

D.D. W. S. McAtee of Oklahoma City was greeted by one of the largest turnouts of the lodge year when he made his official visit recently to El Reno, Okla., Lodge, No. 743. Dinner was served to about 350 members and their ladies, after which the ladies were entertained at bridge while the members listened to an inspiring talk by the District Deputy. An address on Patriotism was delivered by National Commander-in-Chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, Scott Squires, a member of El Reno Lodge.

Below: Elks of Union, N. J., Lodge who gathered to pay honor at a dinner to State Vice-Pres. John J. Albiez at his homecoming visit.

Frostburg, Md., Lodge Celebrates Its 39th Anniversary

Frostburg, Md., Lodge, No. 470, celebrated its 39th Anniversary recently at the Gunter Hotel. P.E.R. A. Charles Stewart, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, was Toastmaster, and Exalted Ruler Samuel T. Walker presided. The speakers were Duncan E. Shaffer, the lodge's first Exalted Ruler, W. Earl Coby and Noel S. Cook.

Frostburg Lodge is in a flourishing condition. An interesting feature of its meetings is the fact that there are always a few charter members present every Tuesday night when lodge convenes.

Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge Honors State Pres. Shoemaker, P.E.R.

P.E.R. Grover C. Shoemaker, Pres. of the Penna. State Elks Assn., was honored recently by his home lodge, Bloomsburg No. 436, at a "Night" which turned out to be one of the most delightful in the lodge's history. The affair opened with a turkey dinner held in the Bloomsburg State Teachers College dining hall, followed by entertainment at the home of the lodge.

Past State Pres. Howard R. Davis, of Williamsport, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, headed the long list of speakers. E.R. Robert C. Baker, who presided, made the presentation to Mr. Shoemaker of a handsome traveling bag, a gift from his lodge.



Above: A large class of enlisted Navy men who were initiated into Bremerton, Wash., Lodge recently at All Navy Night. Behind them are the lodge officers who inducted them into the Order.

Suggestions for a Better Grand Lodge Parade at Atlantic City

Parades are an essential part of any great convention. The bigger, the gayer and the more colorful they are, the better they are. During the past few years the parades at the Elks Grand Lodge Conventions have reached a peak for this type of affair and it is most important that they be kept to this high standard.

The purpose of our parades is, primarily, to present an attractive and convincing exhibit of the strength, the spirit and the fine personnel of the Order. The secondary purpose is to present a brilliant and entertaining spectacle. Groups of members without discriminative uniforms, and marching without regard to orderly arrangement add nothing to any parade, however numerous such groups may be. Undecorated automobiles or other vehicles except those provided for officials and others having proper claim to place in the procession are also a liability rather than an asset to the spectacle. It is not essential that every unit be a trained and elaborately costumed drill corps, or that the parade should be limited to expensive and ornate floats, bands, and marchers preserving a strictly military formation, but an Elk parade should maintain a definite semblance of order; its units should have some distinctive uniformity of appearance, and its members should observe accepted rules of decorum.

The Better Parades Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association is to be congratulated on the line it has taken to insure admirable marching bodies from the lodges within its jurisdiction. The Committee has offered many suggestions and instructions to the lodges of New Jersey concerning the Grand Lodge Reunion Parade to be held in Atlantic City on Thursday, July 14.

The Committee strongly advises that all paraders in a given group be in uniform dress. New Jersey paraders not in the costume of

their lodge will not be permitted to participate. Uniformity of dress does not necessarily imply military costumes, although the rule bars the old-time blue coat, white trousers and straw hat. The Committee suggests instead, a suit of summer material with some sort of removable braid, and hats and shoes to match, with the thought in mind that such an outfit could be used for utilitarian purposes after the parade. Hatless paraders are to be barred.

A general set of parade rules has been laid down by the Committee. They include strict decorum. No smoking or indiscriminate talking in line. Immediate withdrawal of a parader in an unfit condition. No lady marchers (ladies must be in decorated cars or on floats). No children on foot (musical units and Antlers excepted). No drilling in line of march (this rule applies to drill teams, Legion bands or any other group that may contemplate drills in line).

Marchers are enjoined not to wave to spectators or to shout to friends, and horse-play among the marchers is out of order.

It is strongly recommended that smaller lodges in adjacent territory combine in entering a marching body in the parade. It is advisable that each select its own costume and carry its own banners, but it has been pointed out that material savings can be effected if two or three lodges consolidate in hiring music and arranging for transportation.

The Better Parades Committee stressed its belief that every State Association should enter a float in the parade. The floats are limited to two tons in weight.

Complete details concerning the floats can be received by addressing inquiries to Armand T. Nichols, 122 South Elberon Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J., who is in charge of the float end of the Grand Lodge Parade.

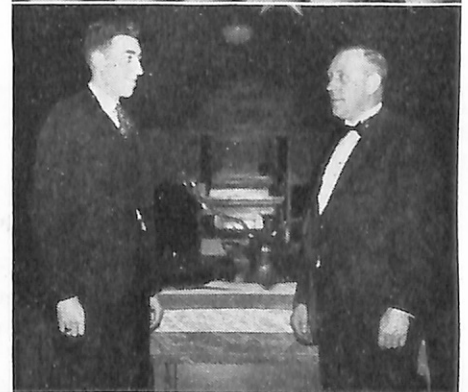
Findlay, O., Lodge Observes Its Golden Anniversary

The Golden Anniversary of Findlay, O., Lodge, No. 75, was celebrated recently, with fitting ceremonies and entertainment, by 150 of its members. A five-course dinner was served at 6:30 in the main dining room.

Several candidates were initiated at the meeting by E.R. Dr. E. V. Burns and the lodge's Degree Team. Talks of special interest to the members were made by Est. Lect. Knight George Jones, and charter members Dr. J. C. Tritch, Fred P. Whitely of Chicago, senior P.E.R. of Findlay Lodge, Past Est. Lect. Knight George Cusac and George Nemeyer.

Below: Triplets, born to a needy family, who are being provided for by the Elks of Warrensburg, Mo., Lodge.

Below, center: P.E.R. Walter E. Hill, of Everett, Mass., Lodge, initiates his son into the Order on P.E.R.'s Night.



Above, in the front row, are the officers of Covington, Ky., Lodge. Behind them are grouped a large and representative gathering of young men whom they initiated into the lodge recently.

The Betty Bacharach Home in New Jersey Extends Its Activities

In October, 1923, Past Grand Esquire Harry Bacharach, former Mayor of Atlantic City, and P.E.R. of the local lodge, his sisters, and his brothers, Isaac and Benjamin, both of whom had long been prominent in public life and in the affairs of the Order, presented property situated at Longport, N. J., valued at \$40,000, to Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276. The property consisted of a 15-room building, with boat house, tennis courts and a garage, on a plot having 150 feet of water frontage. It was free and clear of all encumbrances. In making the gift, the brothers stipulated that it be used for a home for crippled children, open to any afflicted child under 15 years of age, irrespective of race, color or creed, that it be under the sponsorship of Atlantic City Lodge and that it be conducted on a non-pecuniary basis for all time. Today the Betty Bacharach Home is known as the "Warm Springs of the North." It is equipped to care for 150 children. Through the years units have been added, and on Mother's Day in 1937 the new specially constructed pool building, housing one of the finest therapeutic pools in the world, was dedicated by P.E.R. A. Harry Moore of Jersey City Lodge, who at that time was U. S. Senator and is the present Governor of New Jersey. Taking part in the dedication exercises were some of the Nation's outstanding men and women. Ten United States Senators and a number of Grand Lodge officers participated.

The Home was named in honor of the mother of the Bacharach brothers and was not a memorial, as

Mrs. Bacharach was alive. It was presented at that time so that she could experience the joy of its growth and the success of its purpose. Large sums of money have since been donated by the family, and on the 25th anniversary of their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bacharach made the generous contribution of \$25,000. Donations have been made by Atlantic City Lodge, and other funds used for further building, equipment and upkeep have been raised through the efforts of Joseph G. Buch of Trenton, Chairman of the State Crippled Children's Commission of New Jersey, a Past State President and present member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, by a committee headed by Past State Pres. William H. Kelly of East Orange, and by the Crippled Children's Committees of the 62 subordinate lodges of the State. The physio-therapy pool and treatment unit were made possible through these funds together with a contribution from the W.P.A. approved by President Roosevelt.

During its 14 years of existence more than 2,000 crippled and afflicted children have been treated and cared for. The record of cures is phenomenal. Pleas for the admittance of children suffering from the after effects of infantile paralysis

have been so numerous that it is estimated that the Home will be filled to capacity next month when the annual convention of the Order is held again at Atlantic City.

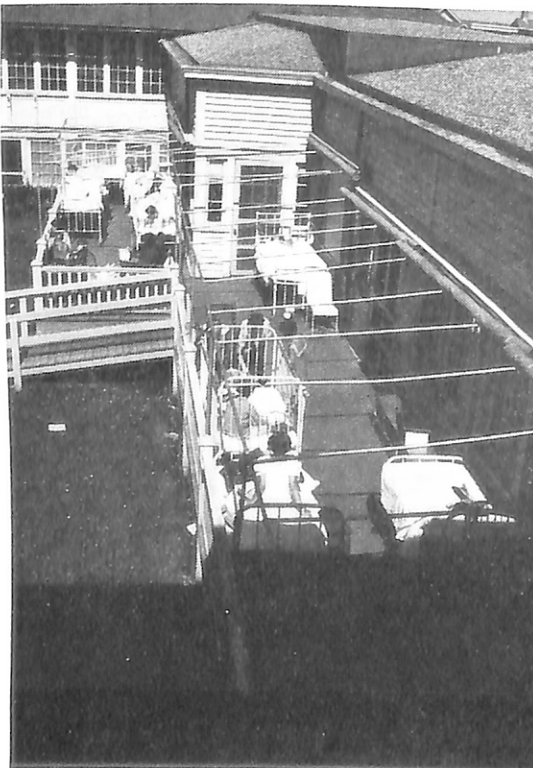
The benefits of the pool, however, are not confined to children or infantile paralysis cases. Any adult, afflicted with a wasting muscular disease, may receive the underwater muscle re-education exercises. It is the purpose of those in charge to set apart certain periods each day when persons not resident at the Home may be treated. The physio-therapy department is under the direct supervision of Miss Mabel Holton who, for many years, was in charge of the work at Georgia Warm Springs. Physicians and orthopedic surgeons are now able to send their patients to Atlantic City with the assurance that their instructions as to treatment will be carried out by skilled, trained physiotherapists with the highest degree of efficiency. The Home accepts its child patients upon the recommendation of Elk lodges throughout the State and country and through the Crippled Children's Commission of New Jersey. Under the sponsorship of Atlantic City Lodge and its sister lodges, the Betty Bacharach Home is a monument to the fundamental teachings of the Order, and a memorial to that kindly and gracious mother, Mrs. Betty Bacharach, who passed away several years after its establishment.

Compton, Calif., Lodge Receives A \$500 Prize at Victory Dinner

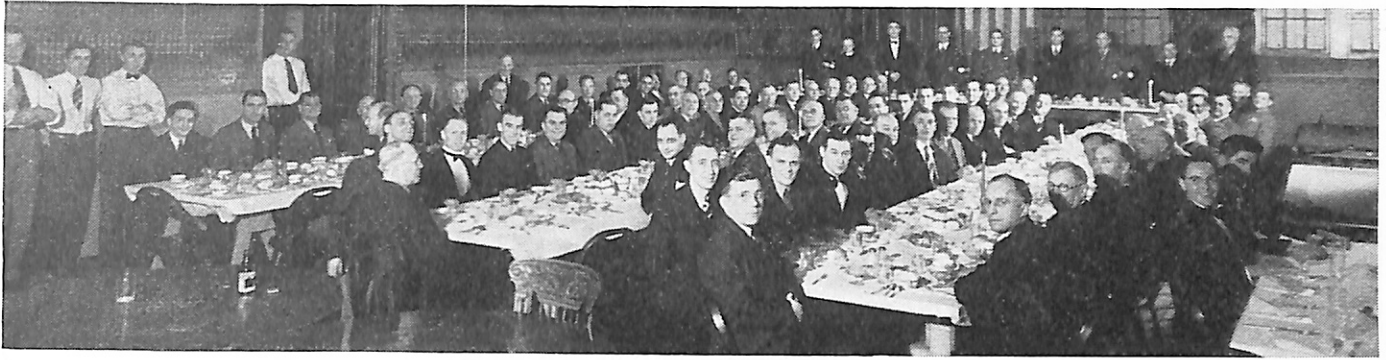
One of the outstanding events in the history of Compton, Calif., Lodge, No. 1570, was the "Victory Dinner" held at the Pathfinders Clubhouse recently, at which Past Grand

Below, left: A view of the sunporch, with children sunning, which is part of the Betty Bacharach Home, sponsored by Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge. Below, right, is an external view of the Home, and at bottom, a nurse is treating a child patient for infantile paralysis in a Hubbard-Curran Tub which was installed in the hospital by the W.P.A.

Photo by Fred Hess



Photos by Wilson



Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon of Los Angeles Lodge was the guest of honor. The dinner was given on a regular meeting night to celebrate the victory of Compton Lodge over 16 other lodges of Los Angeles County, in winning the \$500 prize for selling the largest percentage of tickets for the Santa Anita Charity Day racing program. The Compton members sold 500 tickets. Over 200 persons attended the dinner which was served by the ladies of the lodge. The race track motif was carried out in the colorful table decorations and also in the lodge room where the presentation of the check was made.

At the lodge meeting, attended by 300 Elks, P.E.R. Robert S. Redington, of Los Angeles Lodge, presented the prize check to the Exalted Ruler of Compton Lodge, Ralph K. Pierson. The prize money went into the lodge's charity fund. All of the proceeds of the Charity Day program of races were donated to the Elk

A large group of Antigo, Wis., Elks who were gathered together on the occasion of the lodge's 37th Anniversary.

lodges of Los Angeles County and the Shrine, Jewish and Catholic Welfare groups for use in their charitable activities. The Trust Fund of the monies derived from the program is under a special executive committee of the county. The members, all of whom were present at the meeting, are Mr. Redington; P.E.R. J. L. Hofer, Huntington Park, a former Vice-Pres. of the Calif. State Elks Assn.; P.E.R. George R. Wickham, Glendale; P.E.R. Raymond C. Crowell, Pasadena, and P.E.R. Glen Rood, Compton. The Los Angeles Lodge Chanters attended in a body and put on a fine program. Mr. Shannon, introduced by D.D. George D. Hastings, of Glendale, made the principal address. Among other prominent California Elks who were present were P.D.D.'s C. P. Hebenstreit, Huntington Park, and C. P. Wright, San Pedro; Past State Pres. Horace H. Quinby, Alhambra; State Vice-Pres. Thomas F. McCue, Alhambra, and State Trustee John

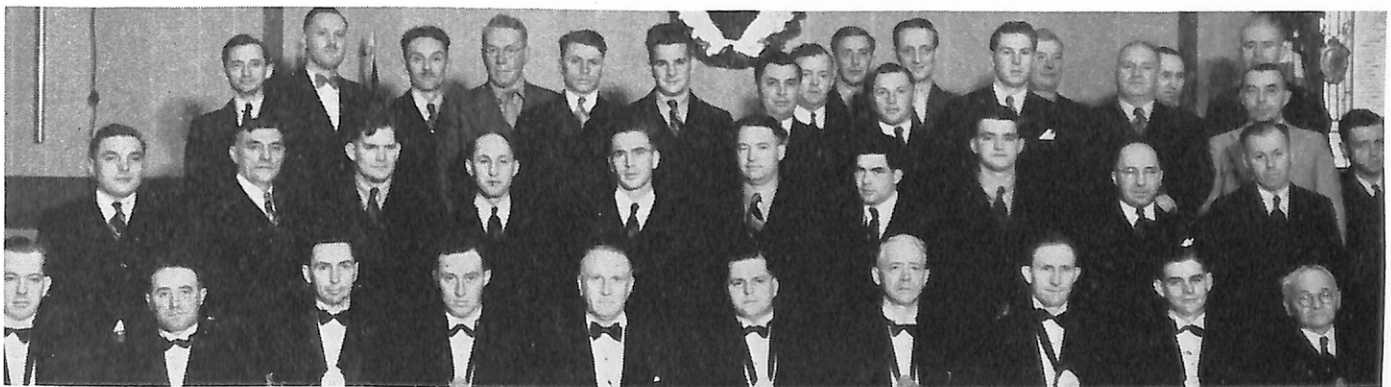
P. Martin, Jr., San Pedro. P.D.D. Thomas A. Leathley, of Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge, was a guest.

Open House and Smoker Held by Highland Park, Ill., Elks

Over 200 representatives of local civic and service organizations enjoyed a program of varied entertainment recently at an Open House and Smoker sponsored by Highland Park, Ill., Lodge, No. 1362. The feature of the speaking program was the address, "Democracy and Modern Life," delivered by Rabbi Charles E. Shulman. Exalted Ruler Ernest Moldaner welcomed the guests and Richard Martin acted as Master of Ceremonies. Robert Anspach was in charge of arrangements. Johnny Dickshot of Waukegan, Pittsburgh outfielder, related some amusing and interesting incidents of big time baseball. A program of singing and dancing acts was presented by local talent.

At bottom: Billiard players of Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge at a dinner given for them. The table is decorated to simulate a great billiard table.

Below: Elks of Tillamook, Ore., Lodge who were present at the dedication of their new home. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier is seated center.





Above: A large crowd was present at the dedication of the Hazelwood Sanitorium building at Louisville, Ky., by Louisville Lodge. At right: The new annex to the surgical building.



"State Association Class" Initiated at Hagerstown, Md., Lodge

The impressive ceremonies in which the 16 members of the "State Association Class" were initiated into Hagerstown, Md., Lodge, No. 378, on March 1, were performed by visiting Exalted Rulers and Past Exalted Rulers. P.E.R. Calvert K. Hartle, making this night the occasion of his official visit to his home lodge as President of the Md., Del. and D.C. Elks Assn., was in charge of the affair. Thanatopsis was delivered by E.R. John G. Sommer. The Class was named in honor of the Association, which will hold its annual convention in Hagerstown August 7-8-9-10. More than 250 Tri-State Elks attended the meeting and enjoyed the social session and entertainment held later.

Michael Slowitzky is Honored by His Lodge, Shenandoah, Pa.

Michael J. Slowitzky, composer of the current song hit, "Once in a While," was honored recently by his fellow members of Shenandoah, Pa.,

Lodge, No. 945, at a testimonial banquet held at McGraw's Tavern, Lost Creek. More than 250 Elks and other friends were present. On behalf of the members, Secy. Frank P. Reilly presented a handsome desk set to the guest of honor and a bouquet to his wife. The speakers paid tribute to Mr. Slowitzky, who is widely known by his professional name, "Michael J. Edwards."

A turkey dinner was served before the main program which was followed by a floor show and dancing.

Thomas Dorsey, Sr., father of the

two local boys, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, who helped to put the song over with their bands, was introduced by Toastmaster Dr. N. C. Brennan. E.R. William M. Yadusky gave the Eleven O'Clock Toast. Judge Henry Houck also spoke and Edmund Slezosky gave the Invocation.

Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge Reports a Large Membership Gain

During the past two years, under the capable leadership of E.R. E. A. Zabeau, Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge,



The newly organized Elks Pep and Swing Band of Spokane, Wash., Lodge which recently serenaded the Lodge, receiving wide acclaim for its performance.

No. 333, has taken in over 300 new members. A class of 48, initiated at the meeting held in observance of the 70th birthday of the Order, was of the high type that the lodge insists upon in all of its membership campaigns. The class was addressed by P.D.D. Leslie N. Hemenway of Parkersburg.

The second issue of its official publication, "The Antlers," launched the drive that Sistersville Lodge is making for the 1939 Convention of the W. Va. State Elks Assn. The lodge home, on which improvements have been made at a cost of \$10,000, offers splendid facilities for convention meetings and the entertainment of large numbers of visitors.

Portsmouth, Va., Lodge Devotes a Week to Its Golden Anniversary

Portsmouth, Va., Lodge No. 82, devoted a week to the celebration of its Golden Anniversary, opening the festivities with a banquet attended by 500 Elks. The guest of honor was James J. Riley, the only surviving charter member. He was introduced at the meeting that night by P.E.R. William Ambrose Brown, Bishop-elect of the Episcopal Diocese of Southern Virginia, and presented with a gold headed cane and other gifts. Notes were burned signifying that the lodge home was free of debt, and a class was initiated by the officers of Newport News, Va., Lodge. State Pres. W. Camp Abbott, Newport News, and D.D. Charles O. Thayer, Portsmouth, addressed the meeting.

Open House was held throughout the next day and evening, and an oyster supper and dance in the social hall brought out a large crowd the following night. Other features of the week's program were a Dutch Lunch and an entertainment for the Elks' Troop of Boy Scouts. They were addressed by Jesse M. Overton, Secy. of the Chamber of Commerce. The Grand Jubilee Ball brought the anniversary festivities to a fitting close.

"Old Timers' and P.E.R.'s Night" at Brookline, Mass., Lodge

Brookline, Mass., Lodge, No. 886, was presented with two beautiful

flags for its lodge room during the meeting held on "Old Timers' and Past Exalted Rulers' Night." Gov. Charles F. Hurley gave the Flag of the State of Massachusetts, and Capt. William H. Ellis was the donor of a silk American Flag. Both are members of the Order.

About 250 Elks attended. P.E.R. Thomas J. Brady, Grand Esquire, was Chairman of the committee for the evening. E.R. Joseph A. Craven presided, being ably assisted by Payson T. Lowell, first Exalted Ruler, and Fred E. A. Goodwin, first Secretary, of Brookline Lodge.

Leading California Elks Attend Institution of Coalinga Lodge

Coalinga, Calif., Lodge, No. 1613, was instituted on March 26. Eighty-nine candidates were initiated and 24 Elks joined by dimit. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, of Los Angeles Lodge, made a memorable address. Other prominent California Elks who spoke were D.D. J. O. Reavis, Bakersfield, and Past State Pres.'s L. A. Lewis, Anaheim, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Mifflin G. Potts, Pasadena, and F. E. Dayton,

Below: The officers of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge who recently won the State Ritualistic Contest for the third consecutive time.



Below, center: The officers of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge who will compete in the National Ritualistic Contest at Atlantic City in July.



Above: The Charles Spencer Hart Class which was recently initiated into Kankakee, Ill., Lodge.

Salinas. The new lodge was presented with a gavel by the District Deputy, and gifts from Sonora, Merced, Porterville, Visalia and Tulare Lodges. The entrance of the first special train into Coalinga since the World War was spectacular. Bakersfield Lodge sent its crack drill team, and the district lodges sent large delegations of members.

The first official act of Coalinga Lodge was to subscribe for a \$1,000 Honorary Founders' Certificate in the Elks National Foundation. Presentation of the lodge's Voucher No. 1 was made to the District Deputy in payment of the first portion. Foundation payments were also turned over to Mr. Reavis that evening by Taft and Merced Lodges.

Frank M. Rain Is Installed Exalted Ruler of Fairbury, Neb., Lodge

When Fairbury, Neb., Lodge, No. 1203, chose its officers for 1937-38, Frank M. Rain was elected Exalted Ruler. Mr. Rain is a son of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain. When he was installed at a recent meeting, his father officiated, and was one of the first to offer his congratulations. Mr. Rain, Sr., who was the first Exalted Ruler of Fairbury Lodge, attended his first Grand Lodge Convention at Atlantic City, N. J., in 1911 as a representative, and was elected Grand Exalted Ruler in 1919 at the 55th Reunion of the Grand Lodge, also at Atlantic City. This year Frank M. Rain will attend his first national convention as a delegate. It is a pleasant coincidence that Atlantic City is again the meeting place.

With Mr. Rain as Exalted Ruler and the other chairs filled by men well qualified to act in their official capacities, the lodge will without question repeat the success it enjoyed last year. The group of officers who served under retiring Exalted Ruler L. S. Mergen gained a reputation as one of the best ritualistic teams in the State. On inter-lodge visits to Concordia, Kans., and Beatrice, Lincoln and Nebraska City, Neb., they conducted the ritualistic work at each meeting.

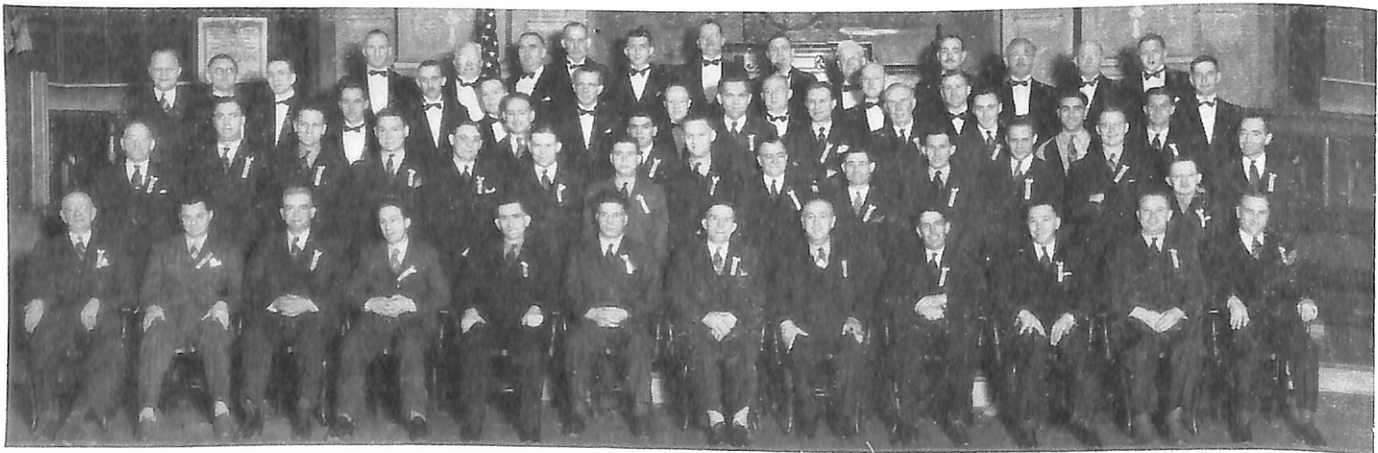


Above: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain congratulates his son after having installed him as Exalted Ruler of Fairbury, Neb., Lodge. Mr. Rain, Senior, was the first Exalted Ruler of Fairbury Lodge.

Akron, O., Lodge Presents Safety Car, Fully Equipped, to City

The city of Akron, O., was presented with an Accident Prevention Safety Car on March 29, by Akron Lodge, No. 363, to be used by the traffic bureau for rushing police officers to scenes of accidents, and in safety educational campaigns. The car was thoroughly equipped with siren flares to warn the public at night of a dangerous roadway, a camera, tripod and flashlight bulb

for taking pictures at the scene of an accident, a portable typewriter, fire extinguisher, radio, brake testing devices, blankets, first aid kit, etc. The presentation ceremonies, broadcast over Station WJW, were attended by the City Council, a representation of the Akron membership, and a large number of citizens. Mayor Lee Schroy accepted the bill of sale and keys of the car in front of the City Hall. Attorney Ed S. Sheck, introduced by E.R. F.



Above: A Charles Spencer Hart-Golden Jubilee Class which was initiated into Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge to celebrate that Lodge's Fiftieth Anniversary.

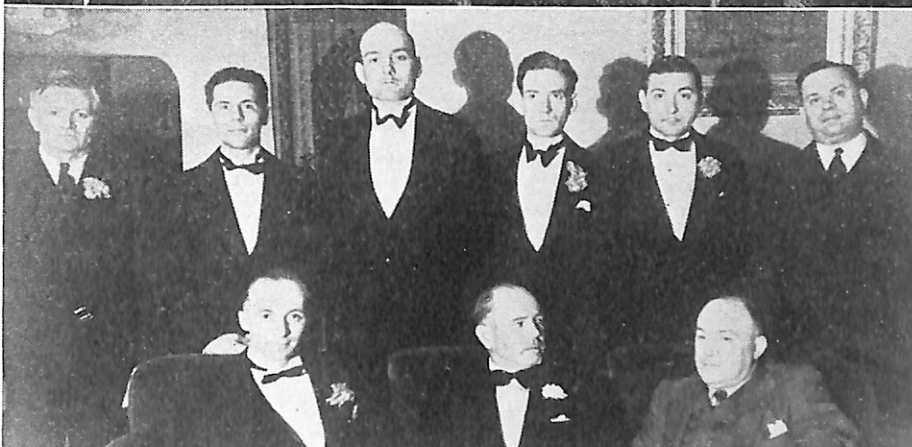
A. Ransweiler, made the presentation. Assistant Safety Director R. W. Chamberlain of Cleveland was the principal speaker of the evening.

The lodge staged a benefit wrestling show at the local Armory in order to make the project a financial success. The Safety Committee, ap-

pointed by the Exalted Ruler and headed by James V. Sawyer, made a visit to the Cleveland Central Police Station as a first step in acquiring all necessary information. They were given fine cooperation and also informed that they could send two officers from the Akron Traffic Department every two weeks to attend the Cleveland Police Department's traffic school. The two first officers to man the new car were Aubrey Mitchell and John Griffin, a member of Akron Lodge. Both had attended the Cleveland traffic school, returning with report cards of approval without qualification.

Below: The officers of Warren, Ohio, Lodge and a group of candidates they recently initiated. A dinner was also held to celebrate the occasion.

Below, center: Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart and officers of Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge pictured when Major Hart visited there recently.



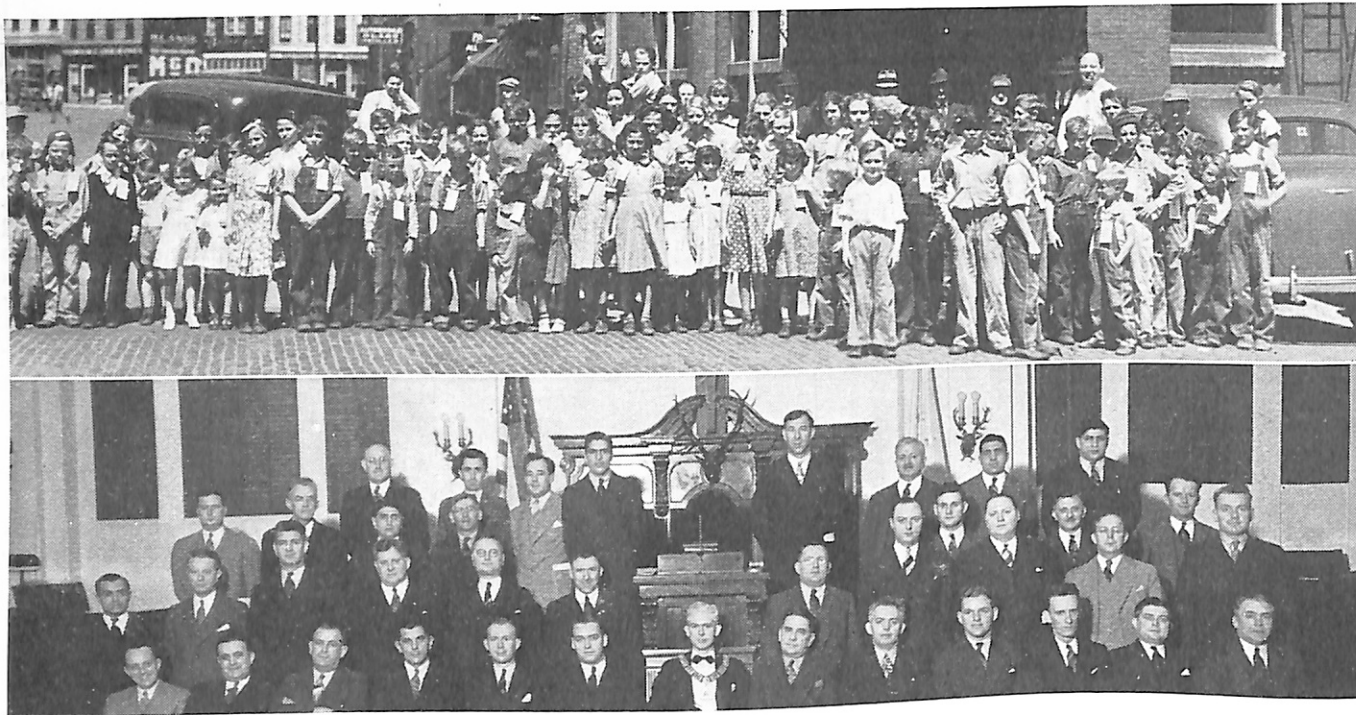
Addresses on Timely Subjects Are Given at Ligonier, Ind., Lodge

Besides its regular lodge work and its charitable and social activities, Ligonier, Ind., Lodge, No. 451, gives special attention to questions included in the national program of the Order. An interesting address on Americanism was delivered recently to an all-Elk audience by the lodge's treasurer, W. S. Milner. Two weeks later the public was invited to hear an address on the evils of Communism. Father Rust gave a forceful and enlightening exposition of the subject.

Below: A delegation of New Smyrna, Fla., Elks and ladies of the "New Smyrna Anna Miller Circle" visiting the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children at Umatilla, Fla. New Smyrna Lodge is very active in supporting the Home.



Above: An accident-prevention squad car presented to the Akron Police Department by Akron, Ohio, Lodge.



At top: A group of underprivileged children who were recently taken to the circus and given luncheon by Fort Scott, Kans., Lodge.

Two Officers Serve Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge Over 25 Years

The oldest officer proposed for reelection in Port Chester, N.Y., Lodge, No. 863, is William O'Brien, who has served the lodge as Tiler for thirty-three years. Postmaster Thomas F. Connolly has been Treasurer for twenty-five years. Both of these faithful members have given steady and valuable service during their long terms of office.

Ladies of Prescott, Ariz., Lodge Give a Show for Elks Hospital

Prescott, Ariz., Lodge, No. 330, recently turned over to the Hospital Committee of the Arizona State Elks Association the net proceeds from "Pirate Gold," a revue and minstrel put on by the ladies of the lodge for the benefit of the Arizona Elks Hospital at Tucson. The cast numbered over 100. The house was completely sold out for both matinee and evening performances. The affair was so successful that it has been decided to present a similar show next year.

San Diego Elks Pay a Visit to Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge

One of the delegations present in the home of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, on its recent "Old Timers Night," was made up of a large number of Elks from San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168. E.R. Thomas B. Getz headed the party which included the lodge's "Dutch Band," and a number of visiting Elks, among whom were John M. Dodge, the first Exalted Ruler of No. 168, and P.E.R. Edward Brackett of Woburn, Mass., Lodge. The trip was arranged by Roy Morrison

and was made by Greyhound stage and private automobile.

Inter-lodge visits have been among the leading activities of San Diego Lodge for the past two years. It has been found that they foster and maintain a fine Elk spirit.

Old Timers Honored by Iowa City, Ia., Lodge at Celebration

Iowa City, Ia., Lodge, No. 590, celebrated the 70th birthday of the Order with a steak dinner, an entertainment program and an initiation. The lodge's first Exalted Ruler, Past State Pres. Henry Louis, spoke on the history of the Order and the early days of Iowa City Lodge. Also taking a prominent part in the meeting and festivities were D.D. George A. Beck of Fort Madison Lodge, E.R.

Above: A large number of the members of the Charles Spencer Hart Class initiated recently into Providence, R. I. Lodge.

Gus A. Pusateri, P.E.R. Dr. Jesse Ward, Secy. of the Ia. State Elks Assn., M. E. Taylor, Secy. of the local lodge, and Mayor Myron J. Walker. P.E.R. E. A. Baldwin was Chairman of the Entertainment Committee and Prof. Harry G. Barnes of the University of Iowa gave a number of humorous readings.

Akron, O., Elks Pay Fare for Boy's Return from Eastern Hospital

Shortly before he retired as Exalted Ruler of Akron, O., Lodge, No. 363, F. A. Ransweiler learned that the parents of 12-year-old Doloris Edwards, a patient at the Temple University Hospital in Philadelphia, were unable to provide him with money for his return to their home at Wadsworth, O. Joined by other members of the lodge, Mr. Ransweiler took steps to raise the necessary train and Pullman fares. The fection caused by swallowing a nail which had been removed at the hospital, was brought back in comfort. Mr. Ransweiler, the new Exalted Ruler, Kenneth Mason, and Frank Zech, a member, and Frank tion with the lad's parents to welcome him.

Prominent Elks Dedicate New Home of Tillamook, Ore., Lodge

Grand Lodge officers dedicated the fine new \$20,000 home of Tillamook, Ore., Lodge, No. 1437, on March 25. Meier of Seattle, as representative of the Grand Exalted Ruler; Frank J. Lonergan, Portland, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; C. C. Bradley, Portland, former member of the Grand Lodge Good

State Association Convention Dates for 1938

ASSOCIATION	CITY	DATE
Massachusetts	Fitchburg	June 4-5
South Dakota	Mitchell	June 5-6
New York	Binghamton	June 5-6-7-8
North Dakota	Mandan	June 6-7
Indiana	Richmond	June 6-7-8
Illinois	Jacksonville	June 10-11-12
Michigan	Alpena	June 10-11-12
Rhode Island	Woonsocket	June 11-12
Wyoming	Rock Springs	June 11-12
Iowa	Keokuk	June 11-12-13-14
Minnesota	Stillwater	June 12-13-14
West Virginia	Huntington	June 12-13-14
Nebraska	Scottsbluff	June 13-14-15
Connecticut	New Britain	June 18
Maine	Waterville	June 18-19
Mississippi	Biloxi	June 24
New Jersey	Atlantic City	July 13-14
Montana	Anaconda	July 21-22-23
Idaho	Idaho Falls	July 28-29-30
Washington	Kelso	July 28-29-30
Maryland		
Delaware and District of Columbia	Hagerstown, Md.	August 7-8-9-10
Colorado	Ouray	August 19-20
Virginia	Newport News	August 21-22-23
Pennsylvania	New Castle	Aug. 22-23-24-25
Wisconsin	La Crosse	August 25-26-27
Ohio	Cedar Point (Sandusky)	Aug. 28 to Sept. 2
California	Monterey	Sept. 21-22-23-24
Oregon	Tillamook	Sept. 23-24
Vermont	St. Albans	October 1-2
Nevada	Reno	October 20-21-22

of the Order Committee, and P.D.D.'s Oscar Effenberger, Tillamook, and Dr. H. L. Toney, McMinnville, officiated. E.R. W. L. Olsen represented the local lodge. The dedication was attended by more than 400 persons, with visiting Elks in attendance from Astoria, Portland, McMinnville and other lodges of the Oregon North District.

Elizabeth Lodge Wins in N. J. State Elks Ritualistic Contest

The final competition in the Ritualistic Contest conducted by the N. J. State Elks Assn. was held at the home of Hackensack, N. J., Lodge, No. 658, on Sunday afternoon, April 3. For the third consecutive time, Elizabeth Lodge, No. 289, representing the Central District,

took first place, thereby gaining permanent possession of the cup donated by the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning. E.R. Murray B. Sheldon, State Pres., headed the officers representing Elizabeth Lodge in the contest which was in charge of William J. Jernick of Nutley Lodge, Chairman of the State Ritualistic Committee. On the judges' markings, a difference of only .0017 separated the winners and the officers of West Orange Lodge, No. 1590, which represented the Northwest District.

Exalted Ruler of Napoleon, O., Lodge, is Installed by His Son

At a recent meeting of Napoleon, O., Lodge, No. 929, the new Exalted Ruler of the lodge, A. P. Stalter, was

installed by his son, Stanley S. Stalter, a Past Exalted Ruler of Bowling Green, O., Lodge, No. 818. This was a unique reversal of the rule in father and son ceremonies, in which the son is usually initiated or installed by his father. The meeting was followed by a fine fish dinner.

Officers of Hattiesburg, Miss., Lodge Initiate Class at Jackson

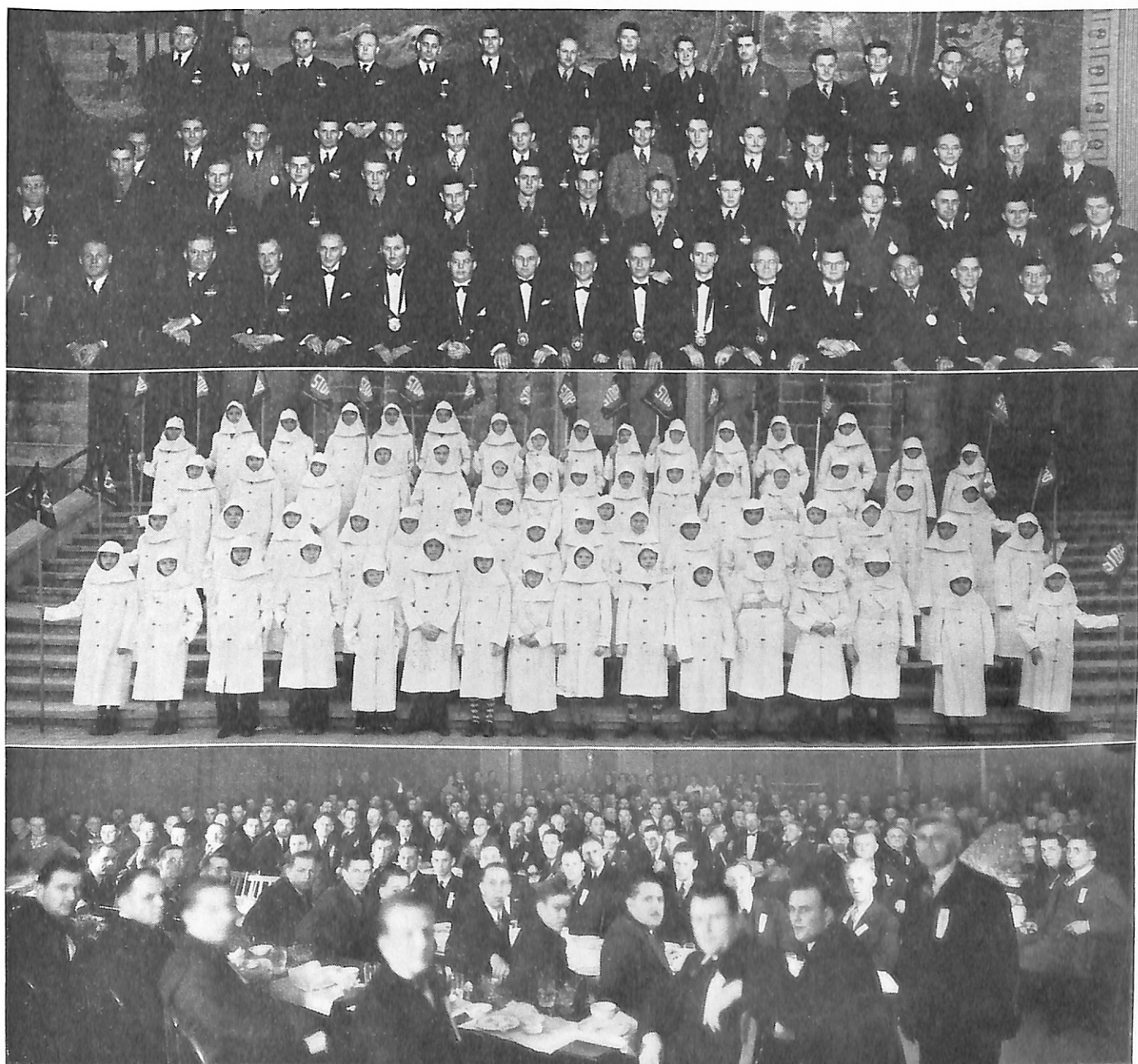
The officers of Hattiesburg, Miss., Lodge, No. 599, under the direction of E.R. Albert B. Hassell, visited Jackson, Miss., Lodge, No. 416, recently and initiated 17 new members for their Jackson brothers. The meeting was made the occasion for a real get-together and a large attendance was present.

(Continued on page 56)

Below: Fifty-four new Elks, the largest number of new members to be initiated into South Bend, Ind., Lodge in 15 years.

Below, center: The Elks Junior Patrol, sponsored and outfitted as one of the Traffic Safety activities of Shamokin, Pa., Lodge.

At bottom: A dinner given by Warren, Pa., Lodge for a large class of candidates recently initiated into the Order.



The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits



GRAND Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart participated in a national short-wave program broadcasted on March 25 from Station WEAJ over the Red Network of the N. B. C. from a moving car in New York City. Those officials in the car were Harry B. Haines, publisher of the Paterson *Evening News*, Major Hart, Police Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine of New York, and A. R. Ellis, President of the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory. A demonstration of the dangers of violating traffic featured a novel traffic test conducted from the car touring the crowded streets of the Times Square district. The analysis of modern traffic conditions made during the tour proved many of the points used by Major Hart in his various broadcasts and in his safety program addresses before the lodges on his several coast-to-coast trips.

Grand Exalted Ruler Hart headed a distinguished list of guests at the dedication of the magnificent new home of Uniontown, Pa., Lodge, No. 370, on March 27. He was present at the afternoon meeting when the dedicatory class of 50 members was initiated, and in the evening delivered the dedication address to which State Pres. Grover C. Shoemaker, of Bloomsburg, responded on behalf of the Elks of Pennsylvania. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, and Past State Pres. F. J. Schrader of Allegheny Lodge, Assistant to the Grand Secretary, spoke for the Grand Lodge, and P.E.R. Wooda N. Carr responded for the local lodge. At the end of the formal ceremonies, which were

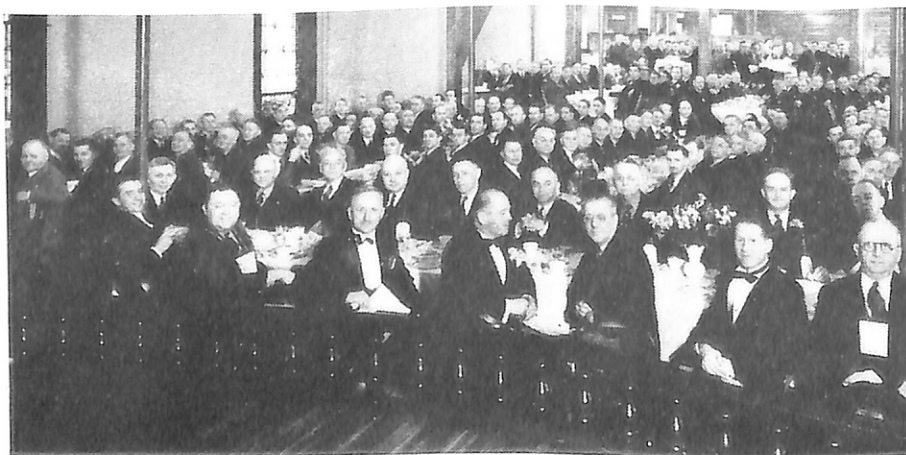
Major Hart is greeted by the Denver, Colo., Lodge Reception Committee as he arrives at the Denver airport on his visit to that Lodge.

public, a musicale and a floor show were presented. It was estimated that more than 2,000 Elks and their families visited the home that day. Pennsylvania, Maryland and West Virginia lodges were represented. The lodge was warmly congratulated by its distinguished guests. The completion of the home was the culmination of years of planning. An informal housewarming was held the night before the dedication.

New Philadelphia, O., Lodge, No. 510, celebrated the greatest occasion in its history when it acted as host, on the afternoon and evening of March 29, to the Grand Exalted Ruler and 700 other members of the Order at a Southeastern Ohio Dis-

trict meeting. Forty-four lodges were represented. The lodge home was crowded to capacity at the social session which brought the district meeting to a close. A chicken dinner was served at 6 P.M. in the auditorium of the Lutheran Church.

An old-fashioned torchlight parade with more than 500 marchers, headed by the local high school band of 85 pieces, the Elk dignitaries riding in automobiles, and the Canton Police Department's safety car, moved from the Elks' Home at 7:30 to the Joseph Welty Junior High gymnasium where the evening meeting was held. From their seats of honor in the improvised lodge room built in the gymnasium especially for the occasion, Major Hart and P.E.R. John F. Fussinger of Cincinnati Lodge, Pres. of the O. State Elks Assn., witnessed the initiation of a class made up of candidates from



the lodges of the district. Among the visitors were scores of leading Elks of the State. Mr. Fussinger was accompanied by State Vice-Pres.'s Charles L. Haslop, Newark, and Walter Penry, Delaware, State Treas. William Petri, Cincinnati, State Trustee Charles J. Schmidt, Tiffin, and State Secy. Harry D. Hale, Newark. D.D. Ralph C. Benedum, East Liverpool, was also present. V. O. Mathias, Secretary of New Philadelphia Lodge, retiring this year after 20 years of service in office, presided at the banquet, and as Toastmaster introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler; the State President; Past Pres.'s Norman C. Parr, New Philadelphia, Charles W. Fairbanks, Marion, John F. Sherry, Bellaire, Charles W. Casselman, Alliance, A. Bert Dawson, Columbus, and Fred L. Bohn, Zanesville; E.R. E. M. Cole and Mayor A. H. Williams, New Philadelphia, and Mayor James Secombe of Canton, along with Past District Deputies, Exalted Rulers and other prominent Elks. Major Hart was the principal speaker at the meeting in the gymnasium. Mayor Williams made the welcoming address at the banquet.

Major Hart arrived in Sistersville, W. Va., at 4 P.M. on Wednesday, March 30, escorted by the Ohio State Patrol and E.R. E. A. Zabeau, who had gone to New Philadelphia for the express purpose of bringing the Grand Exalted Ruler to Sistersville. A testimonial dinner, given at the Hotel Wells, was one of the most enjoyable events on the program arranged in Major Hart's honor by Sistersville Lodge No. 333. One

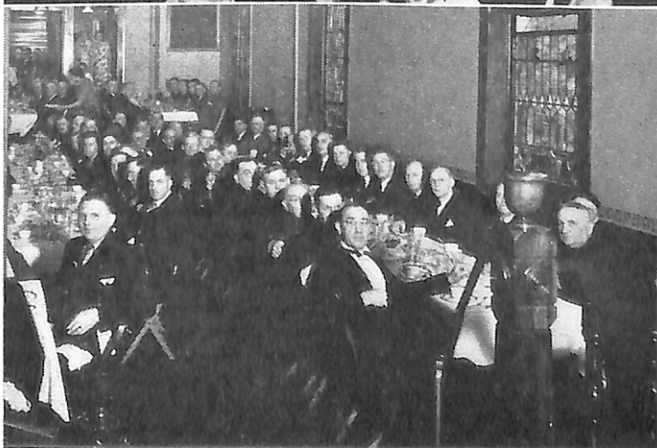
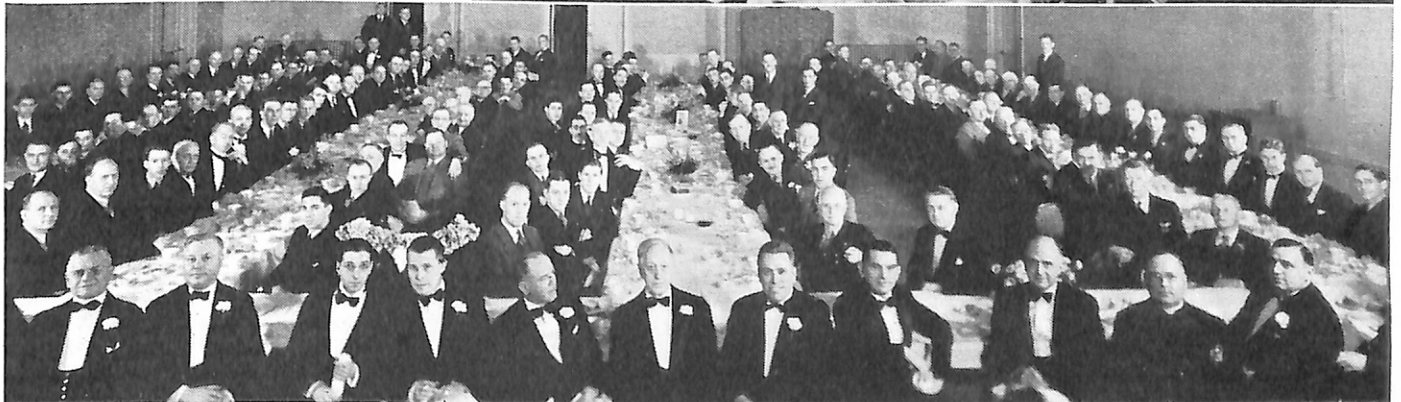
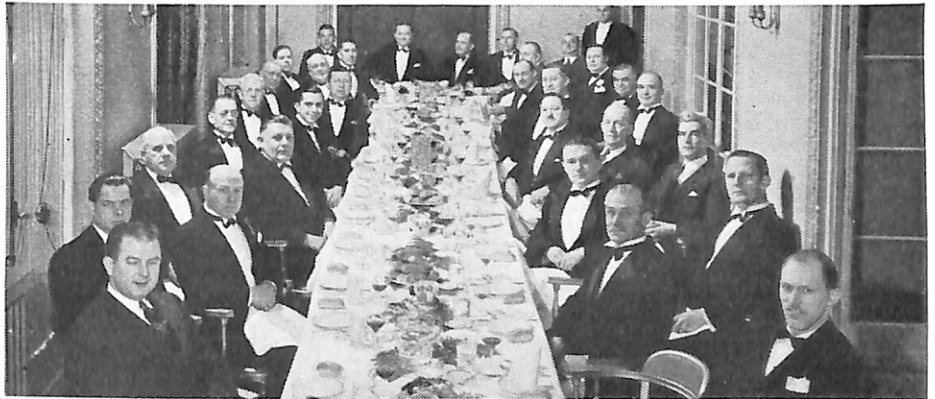
hundred Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of West Virginia lodges and officials of the State Elks Association were among those who attended.

THE initiation of the Charles Spencer Hart Class of 32 candidates took place in the high school auditorium at 8 P.M. The meeting was attended by more than 500 Elks. Nineteen lodges of five different States were represented. The local lodge had never before had the pleasure of a visit from the highest officer of the Order. The Grand Exalted Ruler stated that while Sistersville was the smallest city he had visited on his recent tour, it was right up at the top of the list for hospitality and fraternal spirit. After the initiation a fish fry was held at the lodge home. The Hon. Walter S. Sugden, Imperial Potentate of the Order of the Mystic Shrine, who is a life member of Sistersville Lodge of Elks, and a resident of the city, was among the members of the

Order who greeted the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Cleveland, O., Lodge, No. 18, had a splendid meeting on the occasion of Major Hart's visit on March 31, with 250 members in attendance. The initiation of 12 candidates was impressively conducted by the local officers. Secy. William F. Bruning reports that due to favorable publicity and enthusiasm on the part of the new members themselves, applications have been coming in every day. At the end of the first week in April, 12 new applications and 47 reinstatements were in the Secretary's office. Among the many prominent Elks who were present at the meeting were D.D.'s John H. Neate, Upper Sandusky, and C. R. Francies, Ravenna; Past State Pres.'s W. G. Campbell and George C. Canalos of Lorain Lodge and W. G. Lambert

Below: Elks of Weehawken, N. J., Lodge photographed at a banquet in honor of Major Hart.



Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Hart and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters are feted at a banquet given by Warren, Pa., Lodge.

Left and on opposite page: The Grand Exalted Ruler is photographed with New Philadelphia, Ohio, Elks at a banquet given in his honor.

and W. F. Bruning, Cleveland; P.D.D.'s Joseph W. Fitzgerald, Canton, L. H. Jurgens, Cleveland, and O. J. Shafer, Elyria, and P.E.R. Howard Warner, Nelsonville, Chairman of the Safety Committee.

Earlier in the day the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke on Traffic Safety over Radio Station WGAR. Mayor Harold H. Burton participated in the 15-minute program. Sixty members attended the dinner given by the lodge at the Tavern in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Another pleasant feature was the mingling of the members with their visiting brothers in the club rooms after the meeting. (Continued on page 55)

Salvage

(Continued from page 7)

me. You know that town like I do." Mike leaned over, and his steady hand laid the hair back from the face. "Don't she remind you of someone? Don't this look like someone you ever seen before?"

Captain Andy looked. In the bright beam of light shining on her from a ship's lantern the face was a greeny white. The mouth was open, showing several gold-filled teeth. Above the high cheek bones the eyes were glazed in their immovable stare.

"Yes, I do think I know her," replied Captain Andy slowly. "If she's who I mean she kept a house in Dawson. I guess we've all been there one time or another. A hard woman, come to a hard end. Well, what of it? She'll net us fifty dollars from the coroner's office—which is not much considering what she's got from us and others like us in her time."

He helped Mike put the canvas over her, and then he searched the engineer's face. Mike was a calm man. Captain Andy looked for traces of uneasiness, but failed to find any. As placid as a sea-cow on a sunny rock Mike chewed on his tobacco in unconcern. A corpse meant fifty dollars from the coroner. That, and nothing else. There is nothing unlucky about fifty dollars. Captain Andy conquered his qualms, and looked at the woman again, but Mike walked away. One of the 243 persons lost on the Princess Dorothea. There was no mistake about that now. But why should this one above all others have been picked out for Christian burial? Was it because she needed it most? A hard woman in a hard trade. And here she was laid out in the scuppers of a herring boat. Laid out, a large, bony woman. Square shouldered, thick waisted. Captain Andy frowned down on the canvas. Something about her had been bothering him, and now he had got it. She was too thick waisted. It was not natural. There was something about that waist that was more than flesh, something bulkier than a wool dress. Well, he'd soon find out.

He glanced around. The men were all busy. The deck was checkered with bright lights and heavy shadows. The brailing was almost done. Mike had gone back to the winch. One of the crew

was helping him. He was hardly more than a boy, but he was nodding his head over something Mike was saying. Possibly talking about the fifty dollars, the coroner's bonus. Captain Andy lifted up the canvas, and looking closely he discerned that under the wool dress was something like a belt. He leaned over, and felt it. Undoubtedly it was a belt. He slit the wool dress, and found it. It was wet and slimy, and it was encrusted with pouches, all apparently full. It was necessary to kneel down to unbuckle it. Keeping as much in the shadow as was possible, he rolled the body over, and pulled at the belt. His hands were shaking, and he was trembling with excitement. The belt was so heavy he had to strain to lift it. What was it he had said to Mike? Fifty dollars? This was more likely to be fifty hundred, or fifty thousand. This—and then the idea hit him with a bang. Why this was salvage! And moreover, it was his! His without benefit of court or judge or jury, just as surely as the herring he caught was his. He breathed hard, and looked around again to see if he had been observed. The men were coming aboard now. He did not want them to see the belt. Better that there should be no questions, no

evasions. He would take care of the men in this matter in his own time, in his own way. He dragged the belt under the pile of nets beside him, and kicked and pushed it out of sight. Later, as he saw his chance, he would remove it to his cabin. In the meantime it was sufficiently concealed. He covered the body again with the canvas, and went forward.

The last load of the brailing net had been swung inboard. It was a disappointing catch, but for once Captain Andy was satisfied. Although the night was not yet over he announced the fishing was done. The nets were coiled, the boat hoisted, the men turned in to rest. Mike started up the engine, and Captain Andy took the wheel again. Considering the latitude and the season of the year, the night was mild and sweet. The sky was clear, the stars brilliant, the wind negligible. The Saint Anne cut through the long roll of the North Pacific like a breathing, living creature conscious of her human cargo and its worth, conscious of the precious catch of sparkling, glittering fish heaped up like jewels in the hold. Wealth taken at its source, pure and fresh as water from a limpid spring. For fishing money is the cleanest wealth in the world. It is not wrung from oppressive

mortgages, from child-labor, from manipulation. It is not—Captain Andy paused in his reflections with a vague uneasiness in his honest mind. There was also the belt aboard, and God knows it was wealth far from clean. But had that any bearing on the matter of salvage? Should one refuse money because he didn't approve of its source? Follow it up and it turns out that clean and unclean money mingle together like sweet water flowing into salt, and then through evaporation resolving into sweet water again. And clean and unclean money alike would arrive on board the Saint Anne to be all made into clean money by its use. For Captain Andy had already decided that its use would be the purchase of a tuna clipper for the South Pacific.

Immersed in these ethical and abstract calculations Captain Andy did not see the thin line of smoke coming out of the galley, nor, beating into the little wind that there was, did he hear the sputtering of the flames behind the smoke. When the



"A little off!"

belated shouts of "Fire" brought him out of the wheel house, the galley was already breaking out in flames. The man on watch must have fallen asleep. Captain Andy cursed him. That was what it meant to ship fishermen instead of sailors. It now became a case of all hands on deck to save the vessel. Mike came up from the engine room, the hose was adjusted, and a stream of water turned on the galley. The flames lapped up the water, and leaped higher. The whole forward part of the boat began to blister. Mike hauled up a flash of carbon dioxide from the engine room. It was thrown into the blazing galley. But it was too late to have any effect on it.

"It's the corpse," gasped Mike to Captain Andy. He was sputtering and choking with smoke. "It's the damn corpse. We got hold of the Jonah. Out of the 243 corpses we picked out the wrong one. What sent the Princess Dorothea down to the bottom is now aboard our own boat. For fifty dollars from the coroner we've doomed the Saint Anne. Here's where we lose everything."

Captain Andy made no reply, but his heart warmed at the thought of how he was going to prove Mike wrong again.

The wheel house had now caught. Little flames were lapping along the deck. "Look," cried Mike, tragically. "When they reach the engine room we'll blow up sure as you're born."

Captain Andy nodded. A beatific calm enveloped him. The disaster to the boat had sunk to the level of trifles. Undoubtedly she was doomed. The Saint Anne was a fishing boat, saturated with both fish oil and engine oil. She'd burn until she blew up. He watched the men work frantically with buckets of water to assist the hose, and saw the fire gain on them. Nothing would stop it now.

"Take to the boat," shouted Captain Andy. "Take to the boat all hands." The entire crew dropped buckets and hose, and jumped to his order.

"We might save the nets," choked Mike, who was blackened by smoke and biting on cinders. "It would be something to save the nets."

"No, no," cried Captain Andy quickly. "Not the nets. Leave the nets be." He looked toward them as he spoke. The wet nets had been coiled on top of the dry ones. The pile was higher than it had been when he put the belt under, and now served to hide it better. "Take to the boat. Lose no time. I'll wait

till the last man's left. And—and I've something to get. You take charge of the boat, Mike, and stand by to take me off in a few minutes. We won't be so bad off as you think, once we get clear. Everything's going to be all right, Mike. You'll see I know what I say. It's a fine night,



"Your shaving cream makes swell suds, Bob!"

and there's other boats around. Someone will see our fire and pick us up. Stand by and wait for me."

The significance of his remarks was lost on Mike, who regarded his unwarranted calm with an expression of alarm, but who for his own safety had no choice than to obey with alacrity. They both knew that in about five or possibly ten minutes the Saint Anne would be sent heaven high and sea deep in an explosion, but Captain Andy knew furthermore what Mike didn't—that with the salvaged belt around his waist he need have little concern about what happened to the Saint Anne.

He ran aft, and stumbled as he ran, for the engine had been shut down, and the boat was wallowing in the swell of the sea. Just as he reached the nets the boat gave a lurch, and the body of the Dawson woman slipped from under its canvas cover, and rolled up against his feet. It lay face upward, staring at him, interposed between himself and the spot where the belt had been concealed. Instinctively he stepped back from it, and the roll of the boat

sent him sliding over to the rail. The body slid with him, close at his heels. He grasped the rail, and took breath. Mike had brought the boat around. It was so near he could almost step into it.

"Jump," yelled Mike.

Captain Andy did jump, but not into the boat. He jumped over the corpse back toward the nets. Because of the wet nets the belt was farther under than it had been. He had to take their weight on his shoulders while he groped. The strain was terrific, and it was not eased by the knowledge that with each roll of the boat the body was approaching and then receding from him, never quite reaching him and never very far from him. It was as if it grudged him possession of the pouched belt in a grotesque dance of protest. He could hear Mike and some of the crew warning him to come, and then imploring him to come. Their voices went farther off. They were keeping well away from the fishing boat. Still Captain Andy did not look up, but continued to burrow under. At last his hand found the belt. With a final agony he pulled it out, and straightened up. The forward part of the boat was all ablaze, flames and sparks shooting upward, and casting a weird red light over the water. The rowboat, full of anxious faces, was standing well off from the Saint Anne, and from Mike's shouts

and gestures Captain Andy gathered that they were afraid to come closer to the impending explosion, and that he must jump and swim.

He must jump and swim. Very well. He looked from the men in the boat to the corpse on the deck. He owed it that second's last look in gratitude. Strange that its years of dark hoardings should have been to the salutary and commendable purpose of putting Captain Andy in possession of a brand new 8000-ton tuna clipper. Him and Mike, his engineer. In the widening space between the rowboat and the Saint Anne he saw the picture clearly—the tuna clipper cutting down through the South Pacific and himself at the wheel. But the men were shouting to him for God's sake to hurry. They were right, he must hurry. He took a deep breath. And suddenly he realized he couldn't hurry. He couldn't jump. The sweat from the heat turned into sweat from cold terror. He had the belt, yes, but if he jumped its weight would carry him down to the bottom and hold

(Continued on page 54)

for a month or so ago he was reading a "blurb" for cough medicine and in the middle of it he got an uncontrollable tickle in his throat. There was nothing to do but cough, and it went out over the air loud and funny. "That's not a cough," gasped Floyd, "that's peanuts."

One of radio's topflight announcers today is chesty Paul Douglas, who does his own daily sports broadcast over WEAF, and the Andre Kostelantetz and Paul Whiteman shows over WABC. In the last named, Douglas and Whiteman follow the Bing Crosby style of "banter", a procedure which has become so popular in radio that one may easily conceive the future radio program as nine parts "banter" and one part music—a delightful treat to look forward to.

Although Douglas is an ex-professional football player, he pulled a discomfiting boner a few years back in broadcasting the Notre Dame-Pennsylvania game. The contest started off at a fast clip and so did Douglas, with "single wingbacks to the left" and all the other football announcers clichés "Oh, boy! You should see those Notre Dame backs rip through that Penn line! I've seen a lot of football players in my time, but believe me, I've never seen the equal of these fellows and I mean specifically, Carideo, Savoldi and Brill. They're magnificent out there today. If you asked me to name my All-American team right now, I'd start off with Carideo, Savoldi and Brill."

Ten minutes of this hectic description went by and then a complete, new Notre Dame backfield jumped up off the bench and ran out on the field. Unfortunately for Douglas, three of them happened to be called Carideo, Savoldi and Brill.

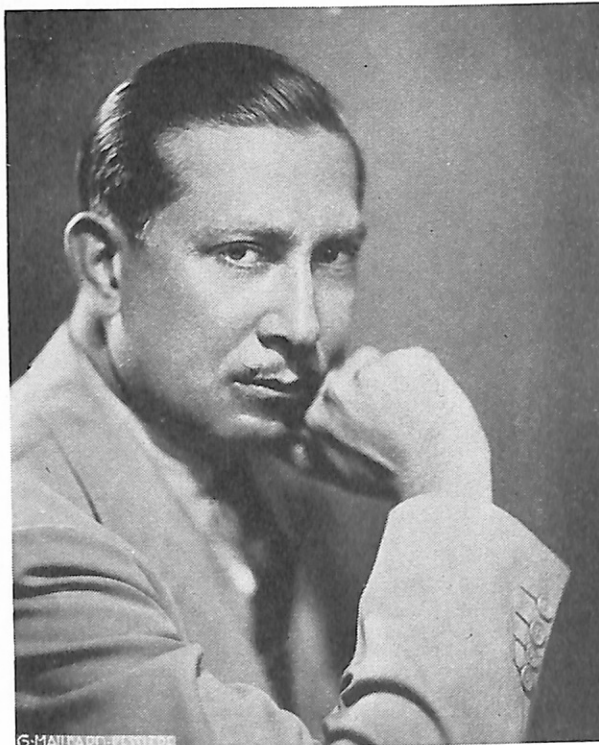
Generally speaking, what Mr. Glib did before he got into radio is more interesting than the stuff he reads over the air—approved by advertising agency, sponsor and station censor.

To get a better idea of the irrational roads that lead to radio-announcing we might examine the background of prototype Arthur Glunt of the Mutual Broadcasting System.

Arthur Glunt came out of the small town of Altoona, Pennsylvania. He graduated from a small college, then he got into a big war as a second lieutenant. Coming home from France he found himself in the same boat with so many others, a hero without a job. However, he finally got work playing the piano in a cheap movie house. Other jobs followed this one: Bible salesman, clam digger, track-walker for the Penn Railroad. And all this time Glunt had one idea in the back of his head: he

Meet Mr. Glib

(Continued from page 11)



Arthur Hale, news broadcaster of the Mutual network, started out to be a pianist named Glunt. Now look at him.

wanted to become a concert pianist. At that time he could tinkle off a few tunes, but he was no Rachmaninoff.

In 1929, of all years, Glunt got his chance to study the piano seriously; a wealthy uncle died and left him \$3,000. With this inheritance Glunt walked over the gangplank and started for Paris a second time. For one year he studied abroad under the French maestro, Phillippe. The year ended, he took a boat for New York, an accomplished pianist. But trans-Atlantic tickets, weekly lessons at \$25 apiece, room and board, had taken up almost all his money. One morning, nearly destitute, he was walking along Forty-Second Street thinking of roast beef and mashed potatoes, when he bumped into an old friend who, it developed, was working for WOR, now the key station of the Mutual Network. Condensed, their conversation amounted to this, "Can I get a job playing the piano on the air?" An audition was arranged and the next morning Arthur Glunt played the piano for WOR's program director. When he had finished, the prospective employer questioned him for a few minutes. Glunt answered nervously. His hands grew moist, then dry, then moist again. For this job meant not only food and a good room in which to sleep, but the vindication of his decision to use his inheritance for piano lessons. Suddenly

the program director stood up and smiled. "Well, Glunt," he said, "I've decided to hire you."

The pianist went limp with relief. "Thanks," he sighed. "When do you want me to play?"

"Play?" said the program director. "Oh, yes, the piano. Well, we'll just forget that. I'm hiring you as an announcer. I think you have a good radio voice."

Perhaps you've heard Pianist Arthur Glunt. He does a sponsored news broadcast at 11 P.M. under the name of Arthur Hale.

Andre Baruch was also scheduled for a pianist's audition, but someone at Columbia got things mixed up and Baruch took an announcer's audition instead. And just the other day—seven and a half years later—he received a letter informing him that his application for a pianist's audition had been accepted and would he present himself at the studio?

Hugh Conrad, who bellows the "March of Time" for about \$25,000 a year, was formerly a radio announcer with WMCA, New York. His real name is Westbrook Van Voorhis, but Conrad was afraid that if his old Dutch ancestors heard the name Van Voorhis on the ether waves they might be shocked right out of their graves. Anyway, he inherited \$200,000 and at the end of four years there wasn't much left so Westbrook went around to WMCA and took an audition. It was successful and Conrad was signed at \$30 a week. One night the announcer for a sponsored job failed to show up and Conrad stepped in. Immediately after the broadcast the sponsor phoned the station: "Who was that guy? He's rotten! Never let me hear his voice again!" Poor Conrad was crestfallen. About a month later the same announcer missed his broadcast again. The program director looked all over the station but the only announcer available was Mr. Conrad. So for the second time Hugh (Westbrook) pinch-hit, and for the second time the sponsor phoned the station. This time he said, "Who was that guy? Why, he's marvelous! I'll be right down to sign him up!"

Right here, while the patient's thermometer points to "delirious", allow me to insert a whimsical story about Toscanini for whom NBC organized a ninety-two-piece orchestra for a radio show that costs \$12,000 a week. The characters are Toscanini and Mishel Piastro, now concert master of the New York Philharmonic. Toscanini first set eyes on Piastro at a rehearsal many years ago. The violinist was playing with apparent disinterest, a wooden expression on his face. Toscanini ap-

proached him rather hesitantly.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

Piastro looked straight ahead.

"Come, come," said the great conductor. "Tell me what's wrong."

Still no reply.

"Any trouble at home? A little indigestion perhaps? Come, tell me what's the matter."

The expression on the violinist's face did not change, but his lips moved and said, "I don't like music!"

And, like musicians, radio is unpredictable. Among other announcers who think so is George Hicks of NBC. "Nervous?" said young Mr. Hicks. "I'm getting more nervous every year. The more casual and deliberate I sound over the air the more nervous I feel. You never can tell what's going to happen in this game. A while back I was doing a broadcast of a garment-worker-girls' relay race. You know we're supposed to give certain subjects a wide berth. Well, when the race was over I put the portable mike in front of the winning team's captain. 'Well, Miss Rosenberg,' I said, 'now that you've won, have you any plans for your team in the future?'"

"You bet," she yelled. "Us Communists are getting in shape to go over to the Olympics and lick the hell out of those Nazis!"

For every announcer who is uncomfortable before the mike, there are one thousand megalomaniacs who would like to hog it. One of the three radio systems had an executive who loved to send his name (I'll call him Jenkins) out over the air. When an important political address was scheduled out of town Jenkins went along with the regular crew to do his bit. The night of the broadcast the regular announcers were making bets on how many times Jenkins would mention his own name. Came the end of the speech and the executive stepped anxiously to the mike to make the usual announcement, while in the New York studio the announcers nudged one another and leaned toward the receiving apparatus. A second later they were rolling off their chairs, convulsed with laughter, for their pal had started his simple spiel thusly, "Ladies and Jenkins, er, Ladies and gentlemen, you have just heard. . . ."

A microphone is made out of metal. It has no teeth, no tongue and no tonsils, but it is very much alive and capable of scaring the life out of people you would least suspect of being frightened. Lou Gehrig of the New York Yankees is one of them. The mike was laying for burly Lou and when he

came to bat it struck him out so fast he had to consult NBC's records to find out what happened. Ford Bond was the announcer and the program was sponsored by the makers of *Huskies*, a breakfast cereal.

In reply to one of Bond's questions Gehrig said, "Well, Ford, I eat one whopping big meal about the middle of the morning before I go on the field . . . sort of half-breakfast, half-lunch. I usually start off with some fruit . . . dive into a bowl of *Wheaties*"

Here the transcribed record of the script shows a shocked pause while Gehrig ran around in circles with Bond chasing him. Six and one-half seconds later (that's practically an eternity in radio) Bond succeeded in getting the saboteur back to the mike to correct his mistake. Looking back on it now Bond says, "I left ten years of my life in a bowl of *Wheaties*."

Programs staged outside the studio (they call them "remotes") make many an announcer reach for the aspirin. Among other harried heralds are Parks Johnson and Wallace Butterworth, the Vox Pop pair who set up their microphones in hotel lobbies and other public places and interview passersby on all sorts of peculiar subjects, such as "the weight of a woman's hair" and "the percentage of salt in the Pacific".

Last December Joseph Leonard of Saginaw, Michigan, was interviewed on this program and gave a description of his work as a full time Secretary of Saginaw Lodge No. 47.

The Vox Pop program is sponsored by a shaving cream concern and as each victim steps down from the witness stand he is handed a tube of the sponsor's product, accompanied by a short fight-talk on its efficiency. Johnson's hair turned a shade grayer recently when some recalcitrant Vox Popper popped into the mike, "No, thanks, Bud. I use an electric razor!"

Another worried announcer of "remotes" is Bob Trout, Columbia's White House representative who says, "Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States!"

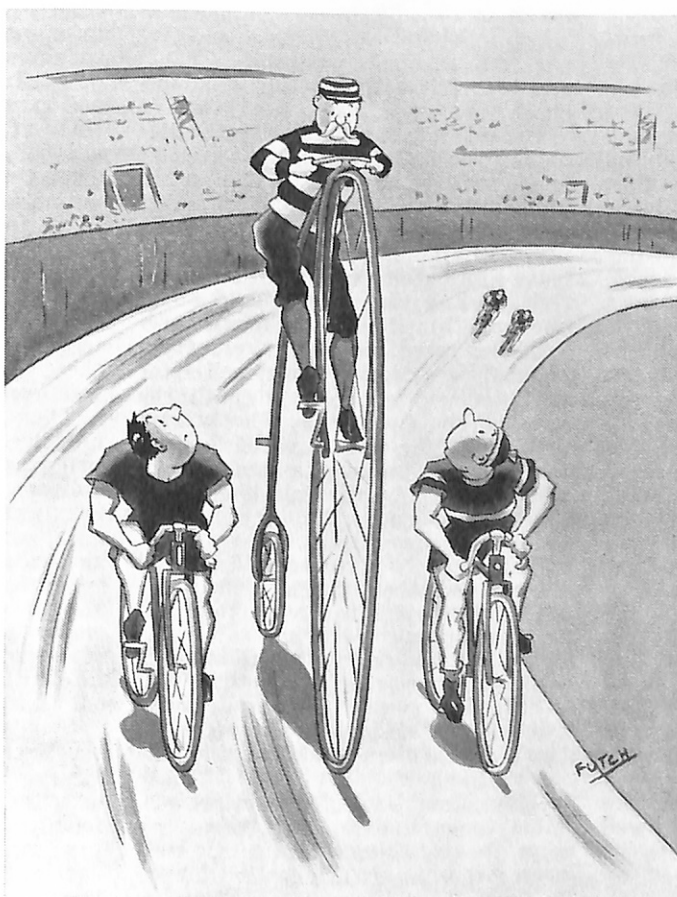
When broadcasts are made from the White House his task is fairly simple, but when the Chief Executive boards the presidential train and sets out for the West Coast, young Mr. Trout begins to worry and lose weight.

Trout still remembers with a feeling of faintness the very hot summer of 1934 when he traveled out to Oregon to meet President Roosevelt who was returning from Honolulu. It was Trout's first trip to the Coast and he decided to take in California. In San Francisco a chilly wave of fog gave him a terrible cold and he arrived in Portland wearing long woolen underwear beneath his linen clothes and barely able to mumble to the engineer, "I hab a code in de head."

The *S.S. Houston*, bearing the President, was scheduled to dock around noon and Trout got over to the river's edge three hours ahead of time on a hot summer's morning.

He was still wearing his woolen underwear and by the time the *Houston* docked, the jostling crowd and the heat had him hanging on the ropes. However, he went on the air at noon expecting the President to walk down the gangplank at any moment. But it wasn't until five minutes to one that Mr. Roosevelt stepped on United States soil and Trout had ad-libbed for fifty-five minutes—the longest introduction in the history of radio. The cheering rose to a crescendo as the President approached the microphones. Trout pulled himself together and announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States." Mr. Roosevelt smiled, waved to the crowd, leaned toward the mikes, said, "I'm glad to be back," and drove off into the city. Trout had just enough strength left to gasp his cue, "This is the Columbia Broadcasting System," before collapsing on the pier.

In the interests of thoroughness the author



took an audition for radio-announcing at WOR. (Perhaps there was something in the back of my mind about the high salaries the bigshots get.) I was handed several pages of "continuity" and motioned to a table covered with sponge rubber which prevents the sound waves from bouncing back up into the mike. The examiner took a seat in the control room and I read about dog food and hair-rinse and so forth. I felt as though my voice were filtered through a Turkish towel. I read the first page nervously, and during the entire time I had the feeling that I was being smothered and would have to shout to be heard.

My audition caused no flurry in radio stocks. The examiner was very kind, but it seems that although my voice quality is all right I would need a year or so of training on a small station. That is, if I could get a job on a small station.

There is evidently a technique in radio announcing that is beyond the range of this writer's telescope for it seems to me that anyone who can speak English well, think fast in an emergency and then act on his thinking, could become a radio announcer, with a little training. But if the radio people want to make it appear difficult, it's okay with me.

Somewhere in the vocal chords is a certain quality embraced by a Paul Douglas or a Milton Cross and that quality, complemented by an ephemeral thing called "personality" and a dash or two of brainwork, will bring you a lot of money in radio. But remember that Mr. Glib has a sponsor and sponsors don't grow on trees, and if your salary suddenly drops from \$600 a week to \$75 you have to take it and like it, or at least take it. And if the wrench from the Life of Riley to the comparatively simple existence is more than your frame can stand, then you may find yourself on the toboggan like any dilapidated movie star.

Shorty

(Continued from page 15)

timber in a hurricane. Mud and water spewed over him, and when he stopped sliding he was spread-eagled on the flat some distance from where he had found Shorty.

Then Shorty barked in front of him. He made out the blur that was the spaniel, and in sudden, cold realization he saw the movement just beyond. For an instant it appeared to be part of the mud flat and he understood how he had failed to see it at first—and all at once it was up on its legs and charging with incredible speed upon himself and the spaniel.

The colonel did not care for hunting. He did, however, know a thing or two about firearms, and in his rather full life he had done a deal of shooting at all manner of targets. Without shifting his position he pumped five shots so rapidly that they sounded as one, and he placed them a few inches above Shorty's head and grouped them all in that small, moving and barely discernible triangle where an alligator's brain is lodged.

Even lead in the brain is not immediate death to a monster of the mangroves. The night was suddenly filled with a crazed bellowing and flying mud, and the mud flat for the next few moments was a much more dangerous place than it had been. The colonel raced forward, snatched Shorty from the trap, and leaped backward into the slough before that furiously churning and gyrating body could fall upon them.

The colonel started homeward, a little surprised that neither of his ankles had been cracked by the lashing tail that had first knocked him down. Other men, he knew, had not been so fortunate. Shorty clung to him, whimpering, cold muzzle pressed against his neck. At home the colonel examined Shorty's injured foot, found nothing wrong with it, save that a small strip of hide was missing, and so dabbed it with iodine

and bound it with a pocket handkerchief.

Because Shorty refused to be left alone, the colonel allowed him to spend the remainder of the night under his bed. It was a precedent Shorty insisted upon following every night thereafter. Any attempt to leave him outside resulted in a plaintive howling that soon opened doors and gave him the berth he wanted.

The injured foot, strange to say, mended very slowly. A month after the bandage was off and with the scar barely discernible, Shorty still limped. If he were scolded for any small infraction, such as tracking in wet sand or butchering a crab on the Navajo rugs, the limp became painfully pronounced.

The colonel's wife noticed it, and she noticed other things. "Charles," she said, "just how long is that dog going to remain with us?"

"Why—er—really, my dear, he's still rather lame, so I thought—"

"Charles, you're being made quite a monkey of, if you only knew it. I don't believe there's a thing the matter with him."

The colonel looked uncomfortable. "Well, maybe not. But there's no rush about getting rid of him. He's been behaving rather better lately. In fact—"



"In fact he's probably planning some perfectly ghastly piece of mischief. The suspense of having him around is making a wreck of me."

"Oh, all right. I'll see what I can do about palming him off on Billy O'Day over in Miami. I understand Billy has quite a kennel."

In this the colonel delayed. The truth was that Shorty had suddenly turned into his conception of a model dog. Shorty always greeted him with a hopeful yelp in the mornings, holding out the injured member to be examined. On the least provocation Shorty's tail would thump and wag in a manner most satisfying. Miraculously, he no longer broke things or got into serious trouble. The colonel accepted all this without question. If there was a good deal of wistful longing in Shorty's adoring eyes, the colonel failed to notice it.

It was a little annoying, though, to be followed constantly by a limping shadow. The thing began to get on the colonel's nerves. It was particularly annoying when he wanted to go sailing, for Shorty always had to be locked up when he went aboard the *Cygnnet*. The *Cygnnet*, of course, was absolutely no place for any dog.

Then there were other small annoyances, such as Shorty's habit of bringing all manner of strange things into the house and laying them at the colonel's feet. Wood rats, snakes, fish, and on one occasion, a live duck. The colonel was rather amazed at this latter offering, for it had never occurred to him that water is a spaniel's natural element. He was beginning to perceive that he had vastly underrated Shorty's intelligence.

Still and all, perhaps he had better get rid of him. A man can't have a dog tagging at his heels every minute of the day. And the reformed Shorty, he had to admit, was turning into a devilish nuisance.

It was with this thought in the back of his mind that he invited

Billy O'Day over for a week-end of cruising and fishing.

O'Day was a rotund, bald little man with gimlet eyes and a habit of making instant decisions. He was the plague of breeders in every dog show from Miami to New York.

Shorty was not around the morning he arrived, and O'Day did not see him until they were going down to the *Cygnets* with their duffle. Then Shorty whisked by, and O'Day stopped dead in his tracks. Shorty was more than a year old now, deep-chested, finely muscled and with thick, lustrous hair the color of golden corn silk.

"My Lord!" gasped O'Day. "What the hell are you doing with a dog like that?"

"Want to buy him?" said the colonel.

"Buy him!" snapped O'Day. "I'll give you three hundred and take a chance on the limp."

All else forgotten, he dropped beside Shorty, studying him from every angle. He felt his muscles, his ears, his jaws, and paid particular attention to the injured foot. Finally he jerked a tape from his pocket and measured him carefully. "I'll make it five hundred," he said at last. "If he didn't need training out of that fake limp, I'd double it."

"I'll think about it," said the colonel, fingering his mustache to hide his astonishment. "Let's get under way."

"Let's take him with us," O'Day urged.

"Nothing doing," the colonel said firmly. "Dogs and boats don't mix."

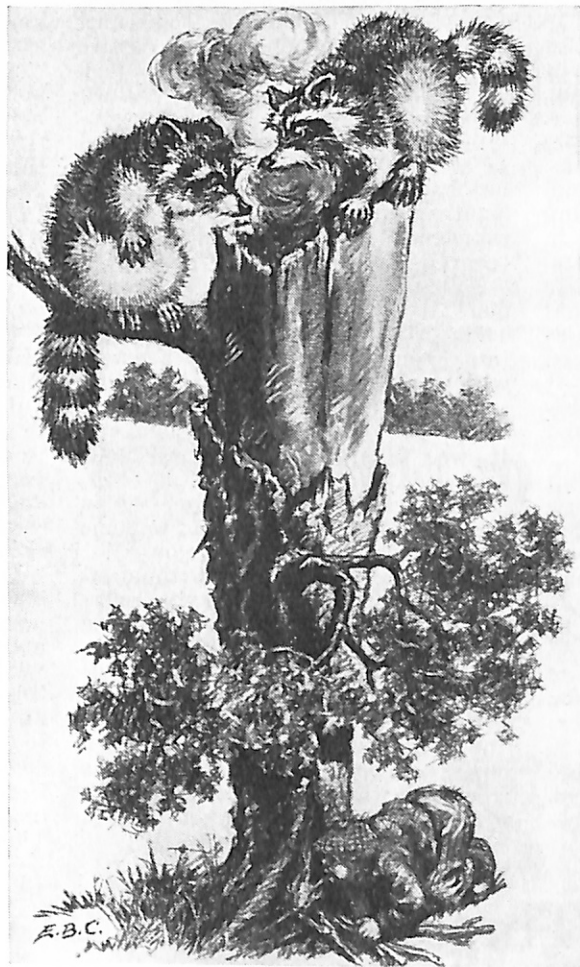
A colored boy held the unhappy Shorty while they cast off the lines. When the *Cygnets* was a hundred feet from the pier, O'Day knocked the colonel's cap into the water. "Tell your dog to hop in and bring it here," he insisted.

The colonel swore. But he cut off the auxiliary, called Shorty, and pointed to the cap.

Hardly one untrained dog in a thousand would have comprehended. Shorty looked at the cap, cocked his head at the colonel with a gesture of canine surprise, then plunged off the pier with a glad yelp, anxious to render any small service that would show his regard. He swam straight to the cap, caught it in his mouth, and continued to the *Cygnets*' side. Grinning, O'Day hoisted him into the cockpit. Shorty deposited the cap at the colonel's feet.

"This is one time," said O'Day, "when you're taking your dog for a sail. I'll jump my offer to a thousand. And that, my friend, is a hell of a lot of money for a year-old, untrained spaniel."

"Well," murmured the colonel, now



"Do you suppose Junior is smoking?"

at a complete loss, "I guess that would just about cover his breakage cost."

Once through the pass and the line of off-shore reefs, the colonel raised the canvas and the *Cygnets* heeled over in the trade wind. An hour later he close-hauled her and began trolling for king mackerel. O'Day fished a little, but spent more time playing with Shorty. He stopped it finally when Shorty persisted in going over the side in a game of hide-and-seek. There were sharks about.

The colonel was an excellent seaman, but like most men who had not been bred to the water he had a poor weather eye. He looked up suddenly, toward evening, saw what appeared to be a line of rain squalls to windward, and decided it was time to go home. He brought the *Cygnets* about and idly began estimating his position on the chart.

Twenty minutes later he realized his mistake. The squalls were but the forerunners of something much worse. The whole sky had darkened suddenly and a rough sea was beginning to build up rapidly. The colonel was abruptly confronted with that bogey of all yachtsmen—a high wind, a black and premature night, and a bad lee shore. In this case the lee shore was rendered doubly unpleasant by the long line of reefs that required careful piloting even under the best conditions.

In such a predicament there is only one place for a boat. That is as far off shore as it can get, and the deeper the water, the better. The colonel brought the *Cygnets* about again, and with auxiliary racing, drove for the open Gulf.

"O'Day," he said, "I hope you've got a good stomach. We're in for a healthy blow."

"Why not go home?" O'Day asked, cheeks already green.

"Not a chance. It's deep water, or tear out our bottom on the coral."

"You're the skipper," O'Day said. "Me, I don't know a scupper from a marlinspike, but I'll do my best."

While O'Day held the wheel, the colonel took mainsail, jib and jigger and set a storm staysail. Then he lashed everything down tight, snapped on the running lights, and sent O'Day and Shorty below. Some time later he brought the *Cygnets* close into the wind, throttled the motor to half-speed, and settled himself for an all-night vigil in the cockpit.

The seas mounted higher and the wind tore off each breaking crest, sending it in flying spindrift that cut like sleet. For a little while the *Cygnets* behaved nobly, her prow lifting with each surge and riding dry above it. But she was too small a boat to take the greater swells coming. She began burying her nose deep in black water. The cockpit was suddenly a very uncomfortable place.

It got worse. The running lights went out abruptly, and there was only the faint glow from the binnacle which was fed by a storage battery. The *Cygnets* heaved, plunged and began slapping her whole length down in a way that threatened to roll out her spars. The colonel was not greatly alarmed. He had been through the same thing before, and he had confidence in himself and his boat.

But he knew the time had come to lash himself in. He dropped a half hitch over the wheel to steady it, and roped about for a second time.

It was then that a cross swell crashed over the *Cygnets*' stern and buried it boom-deep in a warm, black flood. When the colonel's head came to the surface he kicked about for footing—and found none. He caught one glimpse of the *Cygnets*' pale binnacle light. It vanished instantly and did not reappear.

He began swimming with all his strength toward the approximate quarter where he had last seen the light. After a few minutes he realized the futility of it. It was impossible to make headway against such a force of wind and water, and by now the *Cygnets* might be in any

direction. He was completely lost in an inky blackness relieved only by the gleam of phosphorus when he thrashed his hands in front of him.

The colonel stripped off his clothes. Thereafter he used his strength only to keep his head above the surface. In considering his chances he found them coldly unpromising. Judging by the wind, land was somewhere in an indefinite half-circle behind him, and roughly forty miles away. He was a strong man and a good swimmer, but he couldn't swim forty miles even on a calm day. He might keep afloat till morning. After that it would be just a question of time before a shark or a barracuda found him.

There was the single hope that O'Day would discover his absence and have enough presence of mind to shut off the motor before they drifted too far apart. In that event it might be possible for O'Day to sight him with the binoculars at dawn.

But no, O'Day knew nothing of boats. O'Day was in the cabin, probably too sick to think of anything.

The colonel tried to relax and wait. He was not much frightened, for he had faced death often be-

fore. A man had to die sometime.

Somewhere to windward he thought he heard a small, strangled sound like a dog's bark. In sudden hope he shouted and began swimming toward it. When he grew tired he stopped and listened, then decided he had been mistaken. In this smother of wind and sea were a thousand degrees of sound, to be interpreted as one's hopes desired.

But devil take it, he *did* hear a dog! It sounded like Shorty.

He cried out, put all his strength into his strokes. Suddenly a small, whimpering and feebly struggling shape splashed against him, and two eager paws clung to his shoulders. It was Shorty, and he was half drowned.

The colonel clasped him. "You poor little idiot! So you had to come in after me! Didn't you know?"

He stopped, realizing with swift astonishment that Shorty's collar had a line fastened to it. A fishing line. At the other end of it, undoubtedly, was the heavy tarpon outfit in the hands of O'Day.

He shouted, fastened a loop of the line to his wrist, gave it three sharp jerks, and began swimming with his free hand while he held on to Shorty with the other. The line tightened

and he felt himself being drawn slowly through the water.

A little later O'Day drew them both over the *Cygnets* rail and helped them below.

O'Day gulped and sank weakly to the opposite bunk. "Thank God!" he gasped. "It was just a chance. Then I felt something tug—didn't know if it was you or a shark. When that big comber hit us, I hurried on deck, found the motor switch and cut it off."

He got up and reached for Shorty. "Here, let me see how he is. Oh, all right. I guess he prefers you. Had a devil of a time with him. Wanted to go right in after you. So finally I just put that line on him and let him go. It was the only way. Not one dog in a thousand—"

"In a million," the colonel corrected unsteadily.

O'Day sighed, visions of endless blue ribbons rapidly fading. All the money in the world, he saw, would not be enough to buy Shorty now.

Shorty lay with his muzzle against the colonel's neck, the colonel holding him tightly with both hands. He was too weak to whimper, or even respond with his tail, but for the first time in his life he was completely happy.

Three Score and Ten

(Continued from page 21)

just off the boat from England made his first friend in America, Richard R. Steirly, and obtained his first job.

As it happened, that particular evening was one of two evenings in the week when the Star furnished entertainment for its customers. The manager soon perceived that the demands of his clients would exceed the talent he had hired for the night. He called for one of the diners to volunteer a song. Vivian responded with a number called "Jimmy Riddle, Who Played upon the Fiddle", a comic song in the humor of the period. His excellent baritone voice, coupled with his likeable manner, won him generous applause. "Who Stole the Donkey?" he next sang for them. The applause was greater, insistent. Meanwhile, the proprietor of the Star had sent a waiter for the manager of the American Theatre, who came quickly. Vivian was engaged to sing at the theatre the following week.

Steirly was the pianist at the Star. On learning that Vivian had not yet secured sleeping accommodations, he took the comic singer with him to the boarding house where he was staying. There Vivian met William Lloyd Bowron, an orchestra leader, whom he had known in England, and others connected with the theatres of New York.

Vivian's success was instantane-

ous. The week's engagement at the American Theatre was extended to nine. His youth—he was but twenty-one—and his genial nature attracted to him many friends in his walk of life, men who found themselves regularly spending their social hours together.

On one occasion when a few of the group were seated in a chop house, Vivian introduced the cork trick. It was a simple device which invariably cost the uninitiated a round of drinks to learn. On its surface, the trick was a contest of dexterity. Each participant was provided with a cork, and, at a given sign, whoever lifted his cork last from the table was to foot the bill. Since it was operated only when a newcomer was present, the trick for those "in the know" was not to lift the cork at all, as the newcomer could be relied upon to grasp and lift his cork in a frenzy of haste, and thus be the *last* person to do so. The trick caught the group's fancy. They tried it on a friend, and another, and another, with much success. Not only did it effectually accomplish the end sought by the operators, but it left the victim in a pleasant frame of mind, eager to join in perpetrating the atrocity on another close associate. So well was it taken, in fact, that George F. McDonald, a legitimate actor, exclaimed, after he had been duped, "Well, aren't you the jolly

corks!" Unwittingly, he had pronounced a name that stuck. The cork, always carried by the members of the coterie, became a symbol of their organization.

Growing in numbers, the intimate group became more cohesive as the weeks passed by. Sunday was the only day they found it possible to meet, for Sunday was the only day on which the theatres were closed. They soon discovered, however, that their weekly meetings were to be interfered with by the rigid excise laws passed by the New York State Legislature, which dictated the closing of all public places on the Sabbath. Ironically, while these men connected with the theatre supplied entertainment for others on week days during the social hours, the excise laws made it impossible for them to continue the mode of relaxation and entertainment they themselves enjoyed.

Annoying as they were to the "Jolly Corks" individually, however, these very excise laws were a boon to the Corks as a group, for they gave impetus to the idea, advanced by Vivian, that the members adopt a more permanent form of organization and lease quarters for their meetings. Accordingly, they rented a room in one of the boarding houses popular in the theatrical district. The locale of the theatre in those days, incidentally, was below New

York's Canal Street; not farther up-town, around Forty-second Street, as it is today.

All of the original members of the "Jolly Corks" were present at the first meeting. Their names were: Charles A. S. Vivian, comic singer; Richard R. Steirly, pianist and teacher; John T. Kent, clerk; Harry Vandermark, clerk; E. N. Platt, clerk; Harry E. Bosworth, clothing business; John H. Blume, clerk in Pettingil's Advertising Agency; Frank C. Langhorn, photographer; William Lloyd Bowron, leader of the Fourteenth Street Theatre orchestra (who was to become Member No. 1, of Lodge No. 1); Thomas G. Riggs, actor; M. G. Ashe, photographer; William Carleton, Irish comedian; William Sheppard, minstrel; George F. McDonald, actor; J. G. Wilton, wood-turner. Diverse as their occupations may seem, all of these men were connected in some way with the theatre.

After two weeks, the group moved from the boarding house to more suitable quarters in Delancey Street, and at that time a sad event occurred which was to exalt the "Jolly Corks" from a purely fun-loving to a serious-minded, responsible organization. Ted Quinn died.

Quinn, of local concert hall fame, had been a friend of several members of the "Jolly Corks", who attended his funeral. On their return, in a sober, thoughtful mood, they related the experience to their fellow-member, George McDonald. After hearing the account, McDonald declared that their organization ought to be made a more useful agent, foster principles of protection and benevolence, look to the care of the sick and the burial of the dead.

At the following meeting, McDonald presented his views to the assembled Corks, who heard him with rapt attention. He then proposed a motion:

RESOLVED, That we organize as a lodge on principles of benevolence and fraternity; and that committees be chosen from among our members to draw up rules of government, prepare a ritual, and adopt a new name more in harmony with our aims and purposes.

A pause followed. Into a tense atmosphere Vivian, who was presiding, put the question.

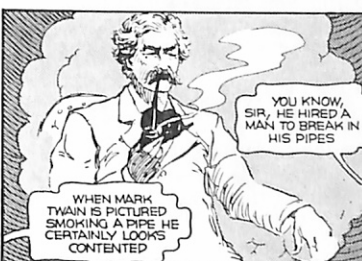
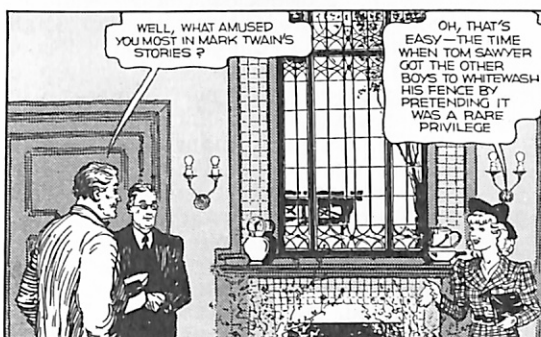
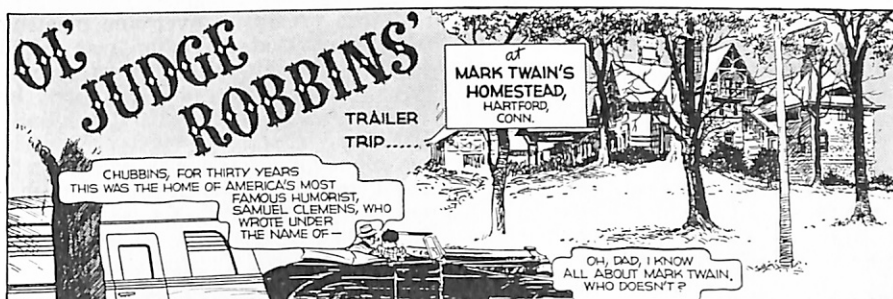
"Those in favor"

"Aye!" came the enthusiastic vote that filled the room.

It was a cry that awakened the great heart of Elksdom, set it pulsating—a mighty organ to throb in such humble surroundings.

Committees were appointed on the spot. McDonald, Riggs, Vivian, Vandermark and Steirly were asked to select a new name.

In a meeting of this committee, Vivian told what he knew of an English society named "The Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes",



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an organization as old, almost, as time itself, having carried on its roll of membership the personages of ancient and modern Europe. From this knowledge, Vivian inclined to the name "Buffaloes". A visit to Barnum's Museum at Broadway and Ann Street the following day, where a mounted head of an American elk was on exhibit, influenced another decision. Here, the committee thought, was a head that truly modeled, with its graceful, protective antlers, what they envisaged.

Followed a hurried trip to the library of Cooper Institute, a search of the natural history records. Then the committee sat back, gratified smiles on their faces; the records told them that their task was accomplished. The description of the American elk not only interpreted their sentiments, but suggested new ideals.

"Fleet of foot, timid of wrongdoing," ran the wording. "Keen of perception, avoiding all combat but quick to run to the defense of the young, the helpless, and the weak." They thought of the strength of the well-developed antlers on the head they had seen—the capable, bayonet-like prongs. The doe had no such protective weapon, nor did the young. Yet, the species had survived. The formidable taloned and toothed enemies of the air and earth, bent on carnage, had been kept at bay by those antlers. *Brotherly Love! Fidelity!*

The day of christening, February 16th, 1868, was also the day of birth: Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America.

Early the following month, the Committee on Constitution—McDonald, Sheppard, Vivian, Platt and Riggs—reported. The Constitution they submitted contained 15 Articles, followed by 21 rules and regulations, and named the following as officers for the year 1868: Right Honorable Primo, Charles Vivian; First Deputy Primo, R. R. Steirly; Honorary Secretary, William Carleton; Treasurer, H. Vandermark; Tiler, William Sheppard. The articles and regulations embodied therein, although they have been remodeled from time to time to meet the problems created by growth, remain as the foundation stone upon which the superstructure of our Order has been built.

The Constitution provided for First and Second Degrees, and the adoption of a ritual for the First Degree completed the preliminary steps of organization.

The membership of the new Order doubled and redoubled so quickly that before a month had elapsed a larger meeting place had to be sought. New headquarters were established in Military Hall, at 193 Bowery.

From all appearances, the infant Order was growing healthily, but it soon became evident that the virus of factionalism threatened to weaken and cripple it.

After presiding over one meeting of the new lodge, Vivian was called to Philadelphia to fill professional engagements. On his departure, he received from his associates a gold Elks badge. He left New York in excellent spirits, with no warning of the disappointment he would experience on his return.

While Vivian was away, the Ritual for the Second Degree was adopted on May 17, 1868, and an election held for new officers. George W. Thompson succeeded to the position of Right Honorable Primo and Exalted Ruler.

The lodge conceived the idea of holding a benefit performance to increase its funds and on June 8th, 1868, the performance was given at the Academy of Music, corner of Fourteenth Street and Irving Place. Eager to participate in making the affair a success, Vivian so arranged his engagements that he might be in New York on this day. When he arrived, he discovered, to his displeasure, that his name did not appear on either programs or posters. He felt offended and angry. Steirly, and other close friends sympathized and stood with him.

It is difficult to say whether this incident was the sole cause of the flare-up that followed. Perhaps interpretation will always rest on conjecture, the minutes of meetings of that period having been destroyed by fire. The wording of the announcements advertising the benefit in the *New York Herald* which appeared from June 2nd to June 8th may have been a contributing cause. These advertisements read as follows:

"ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Monday Afternoon, June 8th

The Entertainment of the Age!
Colossal Musical Festival!

First Annual Benefit
—of the —
Performers' Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks."

The use of the word "Performers" in this advertisement to qualify the title of the Order breathes a hint of factionalism wherein the legitimate actors plotted deliberately to take the Order for their own.

What was their purpose in doing so? The answer to that question also rests upon conjecture. Did commercial interests motivate them? Presumably no. Did Vivian and his intimates mix into the new Order too strong a flavor of the "Jolly Corks" and thus, by a disregard of the new spirit of the lodge, constitute a conflicting and undesirable element? Perhaps. Did the serious-minded members take the ideals they fostered too solemnly, and forget that their organization was one composed of human personalities and not ascetics? Possibly.

Whatever the reason for the dissension, the meeting of June 14th was a stormy one, in which an "un-

seemly altercation" occurred. It ended in an attempt to expel Vivian summarily. Vivian's friends stood by him stanchly, and the meeting adjourned without decisive action.

Vivian never again sought admission to the lodge. When his supporters presented themselves for admittance to a meeting the following week, they were met by a number of Vivian's opponents at the entrance, which was tiled by a policeman, and told they could go in only after giving the password adopted for the day. Since the password had been decided upon secretly and arbitrarily, they could not, of course, have knowledge of it. Vivian, Steirly, Kent, Bosworth, Vandermark, Platt, Ashe, Blume and Langhorn were notified later that they had been expelled from the Order.

No formal charges having been lodged against these members and no trial granted, this action was illegal. Those victimized accepted it, however, and not until 1893, at Detroit, was the injustice corrected when Steirly, on the presentation of his formal complaint, was reinstated. Vivian never again moved with the herd; he died, at the age of 34, in Leadville, Colorado, on March 20, 1880. It is interesting to recall that nine years later, Boston Lodge had the remains of this founder removed from Colorado to the beautiful Elks Rest in Mt. Hope Cemetery, Boston.

Rooted in the early days of the Order is a custom which Elks today practice with the utmost tenderness—the Eleven O'Clock Toast. The Order was not many months old when McDonald originated the toast on May 31, 1868.

In offering it, he had two purposes in mind; first, to pay a graceful remembrance to those not present at the social session, and, second, to bring the evening to a more gracious close. The social sessions of the lodge had been cheerful affairs up until the final moments, when the haphazard dispersing of the members sounded what fell on McDonald's ear as a flat note. The gatherings had been breaking up at eleven o'clock. As that hour struck on the night mentioned, and the members gave evidence of preparing to leave, McDonald detained them for a moment.

"Gentlemen," he cried, raising his glass. "To Our Absent Brothers!"

That moment has become Elk tradition. Nightly, the lights in our lodges are dimmed at the hour of eleven while the phrase is repeated. Whenever the Grand Exalted Ruler addresses the lodges over the radio, the Eleven O'Clock Toast closes the program. In such cases, broadcast, say, from the East at eleven o'clock, it is heard on the West Coast at eight; but for Elks the toast is timely at any hour of the day—it retains the sacred purpose cherished since the dawn of Elkdom.

In that year of inauguration, meetings were held regularly, the Second Degree members convening

on the first Sunday of each month, and the First Degree members on the other Sundays. Regularity marked the increase of membership, too, for when the bells rang out the year 1868, seventy-six members—five times the Order's nucleus—were passing through the lodge doors and giving the password "Integrity".

Shortly after the Order's second birthday, the first Lodge of Sorrow was held. It is true that in meetings previous to February, 1870, departed Brothers had been commemorated. A need was felt, however, for a formal session devoted exclusively to the memory of the dead. Naturally friend-making and friend-loving, Elks felt a sorrow over the loss of any in their ranks, a sorrow which could best be expressed in a solemn meeting. The session of that day proved such a fitting means of remembrance that the custom has been perpetuated and today, on Elks Memorial Sunday, the first Sunday in December, the Lodge of Sorrow is an Elksdom-wide institution. Moreover, on the Wednesday morning session of our Grand Lodge in every annual Convention a time is set apart for memorial exercises.

For Elks—the year 1870 has further significance, for in that year the Mother Lodge was expecting an addition to the Elk household. A "baby lodge" was to be born in Philadelphia.

Certain actors in the City of Brotherly Love, intent upon having an Elk lodge on the pattern of the one in New York, applied to New York Lodge for permission to establish a lodge of their own. Consent could not immediately be granted, for the New York Lodge had been incorporated as an individual body under the laws of the State of New York.

In addition to having a change made in the articles of incorporation, some alterations were necessary within New York Lodge itself, which, up to that time, had performed the dual offices of Grand Lodge and Subordinate Lodge. Accordingly, plans were adopted for a new Grand Lodge whose membership would consist of the original founders of the Order together with all past and present officers of the First and Second Degrees.

A new charter for the Grand Lodge was obtained on March 10, 1871, and on the same day the Grand Lodge issued a charter to New York Lodge, No. 1. Two days later, Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2, was instituted. Thus was set the example by which more than sixteen hundred lodges have since been established in the different States, Territories, and Possessions of our Nation.

It would entail a surfeit of prideful adjectives properly to depict the Order's growth in the years immediately following its founding. True, that growth was not at all times accompanied with serenity. Because of factionalism, the Order, just past its teens, suffered two uncomfortably

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acute attacks of growing pains.

The first came in 1890, when 156 lodges, spread over every section of the country, had 13,067 enrolled members. Not all of these were of the theatre, for many business men had been taken into the fold. Yet the theatrical constituency of the No. 1 lodge insisted upon retaining the privilege of holding the Grand Lodge Convention in New York. Lodges of other sections had tried for five years to obtain the Convention, without success. Finally, by sheer force of numbers, the Convention was voted to Cleveland. New York rebelled, brought court action, and even attempted to set up an independent Grand Lodge. New York Lodge was temporarily suspended; the Grand Secretary, a member of No. 1, replaced. At the time a violent earthquake, we know the incident now to have been only a tremor in the Order's existence.

A recurrent shock took place four years later when the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Board of Grand Trustees disagreed over their respective powers to call the Grand Lodge Convention of 1894. The collision of opinion resulted in the temporary division of the Grand Lodge, some members going to Jamestown, N. Y., with the Grand Exalted Ruler, and the rest to Atlantic City, N. J., with the Board. Before the two Conventions had completed their business, however, they united at Atlantic City, and the Dove once again perched tranquilly on the Antlers.

When we review the Order's progress since then, we cannot believe that these untoward incidents had any deleterious effect, for, as the Gay '90s passed into history, 600 Elk lodges marched into the twentieth century 73,000 strong.

Like everything else, unity is comparative. Meeting annually as they did in a convention of delegates from every subordinate lodge, the Order had a quality of unity. Yet, the fervor of the Elks was such that only a signal evidence of that spirit of oneness could gratify them. This glorification of friendship led them to a career of acting nationally. How interesting it is to note that the new career began with the new century.

National thought followed the trend that individual thought had taken. When the "Jolly Corks" were moved to develop into a characterful organization, the impulse came from the fraternal emotions of protection and benevolence—the care of the sick and burial of the dead. When the Elks were moved to develop in a national way, first consideration again was given to those of the Order's ranks who might be in need of fraternal and protective assistance—the aged and indigent. Translated, these sentiments became the Elks National Home.

At first, little evidence of need for such a fraternal home presented itself. A canvass of the subordinate

lodges produced applications for residence from only six members. Yet these few were enough to sustain the movement. Probably the comfort of even one aged member would have concerned a nation of Elks.

The small number of applications, however, created a knotty problem. Farsighted, Elks looked ahead to the potential size of their Order and the eventual need for a Home of reasonable capacity. At the same time, they desired to make the first half-dozen residents comfortable. The committee appointed to acquire suitable property received many attractive offers of institutional buildings at a fraction of their value. Some offers even included cash donations, so eager were inhabitants of the respective cities to cooperate in the movement. For example, one \$50,000 improved parcel of land with buildings was tendered at \$12,500, and a cash subscription of not less than \$2,000 by the citizens of the town was guaranteed. These buildings were all unsuitable in one respect or another. For one thing, most of them were not homelike; their accommodations, designed for three hundred or more, could not be remodeled so that the first six residents could dine, or read, or smoke and talk about old times in snug quarters.

Finally, the ideal proposition was received and at once acted upon. It came from Bedford, a town lying close to the familiar Blue Ridge Mountains on the western border of Virginia. The Hotel Bedford, which had operated there as a health resort, was purchased. The Grand Lodge provided funds for the prompt renovation of the hotel. By December of 1902, everything, including the name, was made new. It was then the Elks National Home.

At first, aged Elks were timid of applying for residence because of the unfavorable light in which people regarded any "home". Independent in spirit, they did not care to advertise themselves as objects of charity. They must soon have realized the fallacy of their illusion, for they had knowledge of the fact that no Elk ever advertises the charitable works of his lodge to the discomfort of any individual. Gradually they came to accept the Home in its true sense: a retreat for the aged, established by those who felt a responsibility toward their older Brothers, who wanted to shelter the aged and infirm from the worries of a complex life in a home where solace and harmony prevailed, where they were received in every sense as guests.

Increase in the number of applications for residence in the Home continued until 1914, when two hundred and twelve members filled it to capacity. The Order's membership, too, was growing steadily and the opinion formed that, rather than put an annex onto the old hotel building, an entirely new structure should be erected. Accordingly, what had been the Bedford Hotel was razed, and

the first units were started of the picturesque group of buildings that comprise the Elks National Home we know today.

While the Home was accepting more and more residents, the Order was growing and progressing in every direction. Unfortunately, only the front page news can be repeated in a reminiscing sketch. Not enough space can be found for the everyday achievements which grow commonplace, no matter how excellent and admirable, by repetition. One cannot speak of the charitable work of a subordinate lodge without detailing, bounty after bounty, the works of all lodges, a task which is impossible when it is remembered that in local charitable undertakings alone, the lodges have expended a total of more than fifty-five millions of dollars. One cannot speak of the individual acts of any of our leaders without setting forth a voluminous record of the many worth while contributions to our Order's progress made by all our leaders, some gifted with the keenest legal and business minds in the Nation. Sacrificed on the altar of space, many a pathetic and dramatic incident must be omitted.

In the years just covered, charitable works also marked the activities of the Grand Lodge. Victims made homeless by calamitous events found helpful the moral and financial aid of a national organization like the Elks. The Galveston, Texas, tidal wave in 1901, in which more than 7,000 lives were lost; the California fire and earthquake disaster in 1906—these and many others evoked the Order's beneficence.

It must not be thought, however, that the sound growth of our Order was maintained only by these gratifying works. Cankers appeared occasionally and had to be cut out.

An insidious practice which taxed the watchfulness of our leaders in those years was the continual attempt to trade on the Order's good name for selfish advantage. Among other schemes of commercialism were organizations such as the "Benevolent and Protective Army of Elks", and the "Princes of the Golden Dragon" whose membership was restricted to Elks and whose design, of course, was to appropriate that name for collecting membership fees. A proposed Bell Hospital for tubercular patients wanted to convert to its use the Order's prestige. Jewelers fabricated insignias out of the teeth of elk animals, a practice which was not sanctioned by the Order, and which, in fact, led the Grand Lodge to secure a patent on the official emblem worn by Elks today—it consists of this design and coloring: a dial, showing the hour of eleven, with a white face and red Roman numerals circumscribed by a blue circle containing the initials B. P. O. E., on which dial and circle rests an elk head and antlers, crested by a red star.

The name "Elks" was not always

used selfishly. In one case at least its use implied the flattery of imitation. A committee from Canada visited our Grand Lodge Convention in 1904 to explain the purposes of a fraternity to be known as: "Canadian Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks". It was the design to cover in Canada a field similar to that which our Order occupied here. As the qualities of the animal elk in our Order's infancy had typified our objectives, so did the character of our organization in that year provide a facile description of their ends. With this explanation, the Elks of Canada tendered an invitation to members of our Order to visit their clubs and enjoy social privileges, an invitation which was readily accepted, and promptly reciprocated. The suggestion of closer affiliation, however, was not considered advisable because of the devotion of our own Order to flag and country.

Those years of the 1900's up until the World War gave us many internal improvements. Business methods were changed. The Second Degree was eliminated. Secret grips, signs, passwords were dropped as archaic. Legislation was revised, and again revised, to meet changing conditions. State Associations were established. As important as any contribution of those years was the development of a spirit of intense Americanism in our Order, a love for the flag that perseveres today—that transcends idle and captious flag waving—that matches the zeal of any group in America. Publicly, once each year on Flag Day, June 14th, our veneration of the flag is nationally voiced. Elkdom-wide observance of Flag Day goes back to 1908, the year in which a ritual to encourage appropriate celebration was prepared by the Grand Lodge.

When our country joined the cause of the allies in 1917, this love of flag and country expressed itself in dutiful terms. Not only did more than 70,000 members point threatening antlers at the enemy, but our Grand Exalted Ruler of that year, realizing that the Order would be expected to prove its patriotic claims, took the first step toward assuming that part of the burden which Elkdom carried. The Order's work in the war, a fascinating topic, must be held for another issue of our Magazine.



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The Breed Improves

(Continued from page 23)

because one black man had knocked one white man into insensibility with his fists.

Stupid, vicious, almost incomprehensible, you say? Granted. But did reason ever motivate a wild, surging mob gripped in the hysteria of race riot?

Our European cousins were properly scandalized by the barbarism of race riot in America slightly more than a quarter of a century ago. They pointed with pardonable pride to their elimination of the color line, although nothing was said, of course, about the social and economic status of the natives of their colonies.

And now, this month, Max Schmeling, an Aryan accredited by the Nazis in their infinite wisdom, has come out of civilized Europe as a one-man roadshow advertising Herr Hitler's ideology of racial superiority to fight Negro Joe Louis for the heavyweight championship of the world in this barbaric country, where men once died because one black hit harder than one white.

From July 4, 1910 skip twenty-seven years to 1937, a mere tick on the chronometer of sociology. Time is short, but man's memory is long. Dead-pan Joe Louis, a heavy-eyed colored boy, is fighting Jim Braddock, the Cinderella Irishman, for the heavyweight championship of the world. It is the night of June 23, 1937 in Comiskey Park on Chicago's South Side in the heart of the Negro district near the stockyards where, on July 26, 1919, the most bitter race riot in American history raged. A boxing bout had nothing to do with it. A twelve-year-old Negro boy was drowned in Lake Michigan by roistering white men, and a week later, when the blind fury of race riot had been exhausted, thirty-eight whites and blacks were dead and five hundred lay wounded in Chicago hospitals.

COMISKEY PARK is surrounded by a small army of police this night of June 23, 1937, for man's memory is long. Louis, the first Negro since Johnson to fight for the heavyweight title, is the 8-to-1 favorite to beat Braddock and the authorities fear the very worst.

In the first round Braddock sends Louis to the floor momentarily, but the inevitable cannot be forestalled. Louis regains his poise, methodically and unemotionally proceeds to make a chopping block of Braddock, and finally knocks out the white man in the eighth round to become the second representative of his race to win the richest prize in sports.

There is a wild shout of exultation from the cheap seats in the distant bleachers. A mixed crowd of

50,000 pours into Chicago's black belt. The policemen on duty grip their night-sticks; police captains throughout Chicago stand by for emergency calls. An hour passes, then six hours. Nothing happens.

Nothing has ever happened after one of Joe Louis's fights with a white man. In 1910 innocent bystanders died because a black man defeated a white man. Last summer another black man defeated another white man—and a far more sympathetic figure than Jeffries ever was—and the only damage inflicted was upon the purses of those who wagered a few bob, purely for sentimental reasons, on Braddock.

Can this be progress? Can it be that the human breed is improving? Are we not forced to answer affirmatively and loudly when a Negro batters a Caucasian into submission and is calmly accepted as the better fighter, and not as a menace to the superiority of the white man?

The significance of this trend properly belongs in the field of sociology rather than sports, and it is not the first time physical accomplishment has charted the development of mental processes.

JACK JOHNSON unwittingly provoked a series of race riots when he took the heavyweight championship away from Jeffries and the resentment against his clear-cut victory was not expended when order was restored. There immediately sprung up all over the country a silly succession of "white-hope" tournaments for the purpose of unveiling a fighter who could whip Johnson. Nobody was hurt except a few obscure stumblebums who never would have left the factory or farm if the heavyweight championship was not considered a vital link in the establishment of the white man's supremacy and so-called destiny to rule the earth.

The average literate American today, of course, is concerned with matters of greater moment, but back in 1910 the search for a white man who could beat Johnson practically amounted to a crusade. L'il Artha, a superb physical specimen who looked like an animated statue cut from black marble, had actually won the title on Christmas Day, 1908, when he gave Tommy Burns an artistic beating for fourteen rounds at Sydney, Australia, before police stopped the fight. Yet he was not recognized as the rightful owner of the title for two reasons: he was a black man; Burns was a "cheese-champion". Burns had gained the best claim to the championship in 1906 by outpointing Marvin Hart in twenty rounds at Los Angeles to climax an

elimination tournament of contenders after Jeffries retired.

Agitation against Johnson was so strong that Jeffries, then a venerable gent of thirty-five, was induced to essay a comeback and protect the glory, or something, of his race against the rising tide of color. With Johnson in final and absolute possession of the throne room, the "white-hope" contender assumed the importance of the Holy Grail. The tournaments, sponsored by shrewd promoters who lent an attentive ear to the public, produced fighters remarkable only for their ineptitude, size and capacity for absorbing punishment.

Boxing being what it is, the search finally ended with Jess Willard, the Kansas giant who emerged during the "white-hope" era. Willard toppled Johnson in the twenty-sixth round on April 5, 1915, the Negro having taken a bad beating. Johnson was publicly guaranteed \$30,000 for the Willard match. A few years later Johnson confided that he demanded \$60,000 before he climbed into the ring and finally got all his money along about the twentieth round. The finish came six rounds later.

July 4, 1910 was such a dread date on the boxing calendar that a Negro did not fight for the heavyweight championship again until last June. Rickard flatly refused to promote mixed bouts and it was at his instigation that Dempsey gave Harry Wills such an outrageous run-around in the early 1920's. Wills, a Negro and the leading contender for Dempsey's title, spent the best years of his boxing life hurling futile challenges at the champion and much of the public antagonism toward Dempsey at that time stemmed from his apparent fear of the black man. Dempsey, of course, would fight anybody any time, if money was put on the line, but he was steered off the fight by Rickard, who could not forget a certain afternoon in Reno.

COMPARE the treatment given Johnson and Wills with that accorded Louis and it must be obvious that time and tolerance march on. A year after the phlegmatic son of a crippled cotton-picker had turned professional he was meeting Primo Carnera and Max Baer, former champions, and in the million-dollar class very few fighters, no matter the color of their skins, have ever crashed. No effort was made to retard the career of this least colorful of all Negro athletes; he was, rather, invested with an aura of invincibility which scared the living day-lights out of his opponents until Max Schmeling, the unimaginative German, appeared to explode the legend

of the death machine that was Louis. Before winning the championship from Braddock, Louis fought his three big money fights—with Carnera, Baer and Schmeling—in New York's Yankee Stadium. The Stadium is on the fringe of the most densely populated Negro community in the world; the approaches to it from downtown Times Square are through Harlem, the teeming black belt. There was much apprehension felt when Promotor Mike Jacobs, Rickard's silent partner in the old days, decided to let Louis meet all comers and the devil take the hindmost. Harry Balough, a verbose, long-winded citizen who is the announcer at all the major fights in New York and is tenderly known to the trade as the Great Mouthpiece, delivered an impassioned plea for tolerance, regardless of race, color, creed and all the pretty sentiments so dear to the heart of a stumping spell-binder, a few seconds before Louis engaged Carnera in manly combat. The speech was repeated before the Baer fight, again before the Schmeling affair.

CIVILIZATION essentially a white man's proposition, did not crumble when Louis sent Carnera and Baer crashing to the canvas. There were Suzie Que-ing in the streets of Harlem, high hilarity and some discreet hell-raising, which were to be expected of an underprivileged people who had a new racial hero, but hordes of Negroes did not stampede Fifth Avenue or commandeer the subways. There was one reported case of a crowd of Negroes chasing a white man down Lenox Avenue the night Schmeling knocked out Louis, but the man had no business being there at that hour and the nature of his inflammatory remarks, if any, are not known anyway.

Until recent years, Europe was justified in raising eyebrows at America's treatment of its racial problem. France, in particular, always had received American Negro fighters enthusiastically and it is a matter of history that the first American pugilists seen in England were Negroes.

In 1805 Bill Richmond, a former Negro slave from the Americas, fought Tom Cribb, the Englishman, and was knocked out after one hour and thirty minutes of bare-knuckle brawling. Richmond probably was this country's first professional fighter. The first American to challenge for the heavyweight title was Tom Molineaux, another Negro who won his freedom when he whipped a Negro bully on a neighboring plantation in Virginia. Encouraged by the success of Richmond in England, Molineaux's master sent the gigantic black man to England in 1810. Mo-

lineaux bowled over eight straight "unknowns"—who did not use their names in the fear that they would lose their social prestige if it were known they had fought a Negro—and in response to public demand Molineaux was matched with Cribb, then the champion.

SAVE for a freak accident, Molineaux might well have antedated Johnson by a full century as the first Negro heavyweight champion. Cribb, pretty contemptuous of Molineaux, did most of his training in the pubs and took a fearful beating for thirty rounds before 20,000 spectators at Copthall Common on December 10, 1810. Just before the men answered the thirty-first round, Americans at the ringside were offering 5 to 1 on Molineaux—with no takers in sight. Molineaux rushed Cribb and felled his man with a terrific right-hand smash, but in trying to get out of the Englishman's way, Tom stumbled and pitched headlong into a ring post and was knocked unconscious. Both fighters were revived for the thirty-second round and lunged feebly at each other, then dropped to the canvas exhausted, automatically ending the round under the rules. The thirty-third was the finish. Cribb managed to strike Molineaux in the face and the Negro went down and out. Later it was discovered that Molineaux had fractured his skull in the collision with the ring post, a circumstance which caused his defeat more than Cribb's punches.

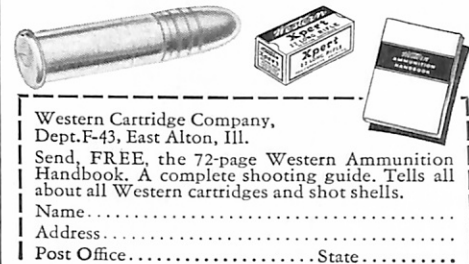
Infuriated by the pounding he had taken from Molineaux, Cribb accepted a return bout with the Negro the following year and went into serious training for the battle. Molineaux, on the other hand, gave the bright-light circuit a heavy play and went into action hopelessly out of condition. With a record crowd of 40,000 looking on, Cribb hammered Molineaux unmercifully, broke his jaw in the tenth round and knocked him out in the eleventh. That was Cribb's last fight. The champion, having challenged all fighters in the world without getting an acceptance for eleven years, retired in 1822 at the age of forty-one. Molineaux became a third-rater, drifted around England and was found dead in an army barracks in Ireland in 1818.

Curiouser and Curiouser, as Alice would say. Twenty-seven years ago Max Schmeling, the European who has crossed the ocean to fight a Negro for the heavyweight championship of the world, would have been hailed as a crusader. Today Schmeling is regarded as an individual who is trying to prove he can use his fists better than another individual; nothing more, nothing less. This is progress indeed—in the United States, at least.

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What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 20)

that the drab and sketchy comments of the *Analects* are much better known to educated Chinese than the dramatic episodes of the Bible are known to educated residents of Christian countries." Mr. Crow's book traces the beginnings of this education, the life-story of the man whose influence has extended over two thousand years and is still comforting to the human race, showing that he recognized and understood many of the truths that are basic in human relations, but that so few remember. (Harper & Bros.)

Lin Yutang on Confucius

Another little book deserves to be mentioned here: "The Wisdom of Confucius" compiled by Lin Yutang and added to the Modern Library. "Can one be enthusiastic about Confucianism nowadays?" asks Lin Yutang, and replies, "I wonder. The answer seems to depend on whether one can be enthusiastic about sheer good sense, a thing which people usually cannot work up very much enthusiasm for." Common sense, human sympathy and understanding, honesty in human relations—all bound up with Confucius and his teachings, and here explained crisply by the young Chinese scholar whose writings have become so popular in the United States.

NOVELS

New novels are still piling out of publishing houses like logs rushing down a flume, and summer, presumably, is the time when they will be read. Novels dealing with the American past and the American present; novels about Lancaster and Yorkshire; novels about English lords and the plain workers of American farms.

Take Phyllis Bentley's new book, "Sleep in Peace". Everyone who read "Inheritance" and subsequent novels knows how well this English author tells the story of family life

among the textile mills of Yorkshire, and how she portrays people of different economic layers who are affected by the common fortunes of the community. "Sleep in Peace" has the same atmosphere, and here she describes the development of two families, the Armisteads and the Hinchcliffes, making an excellent story of their lives during the Victorian era and the post-war decades when new issues divide men. (Macmillan)

From England we shift to New Zealand. G. B. Lancaster, the pen name of an English writer, has written "Promenade", the story of how an English family develops in New Zealand during forty years of the Nineteenth Century, beginning with 1839. Here again, we have family life, but the author likes to work in historical events and connect her characters up with them. Sally Lovel, 15 years old, is married to Peregrine Lovel, one of those harsh, overbearing Victorian men who never unbends. Peregrine gets into business and politics in New Zealand; his brother Jermyn makes love to Sally, but Sally, too, is Victorian. Two other brothers and a sister of Sally help complicate matters and with some excitement we watch the emergence of Sally's children, who have been trained that it is a sin to think for themselves, but who manage to make up their own minds just the same. There is a lot of action in "Promenade", plenty of entertaining family life, and an illuminating slant on Englishmen who say they hate England and then try to reproduce English life in New Zealand. (Reynal & Hitchcock)

Maybe you've been hearing about Phyllis Bottome's new novel, "The Mortal Storm". This is the story of a German family ruined by the Nazis. Miss Bottome knows Germans well; she was recently living in Vienna, but I have an idea that the novel won't make her welcome there after this. She describes the family of a German scientist, Prof.

Johann Roth, a Jew married to a non-Jew. The professor, who won the Nobel prize, is a generous and friendly philosopher, above the political battle. But the political storm shakes his house no less. His daughter is in love with a Communist. His sons become Nazis and quarrel with the daughter. Miss Bottome writes well, moreover she has a fine knowledge of human ways, and her psychological insight was shown in "Private Worlds". This is as good a novel as I have read about the difficulties of German intellectuals. (Little Brown). By the way, there are two books that bear out everything that Miss Bottome writes. They are not novels. One is Dr. Julius Lips', "The Savage Hits Back", describing the primitive African art for which he was exiled, and the other, "Savage Symphony", the story by his wife, Eva Lips, in which she tells how and why they left Germany.

This leads me to a novel about life among the German youth in the years after the war. Walter Schoenstedt is a young German writer who has lately come to the United States. In "In Praise of Life" he writes a novel about the boys who grew up with the war—lads who saw their fathers march off to fight in 1914, who encountered the difficulties of the war years and who had no place to turn to during the years of the financial crisis, the inflation, and the rise of the Hitler party. Peter Volkers is the principal character; his father comes back from the war and for a time the boy works by the side of his father in building construction. Of the other lads, one is beaten to death for his anti-Nazi views, another joins the party. Volkers eventually comes to the United States. The career of this lad, based on Schoenstedt's own, is portrayed vividly and no doubt truthfully, and we get an idea that these lads were deprived of a most precious boon—the right to a happy youth. (Farrar & Rinehart)

Salvage

(Continued from page 41)

him there. He had the belt, and the belt had him. He threw a quick glance toward the boat, now reluctantly pulling farther away. Even though the men knew what he held in his hands they would not come closer. The risk was all his to take, and to take alone. He clutched the belt tighter. He knew it was death to hold on to it, and yet he held it. The heat of the fire became blistering, the black smoke rolled up and hid the stars, the water around him was blood red. And all the time his

mind worked desperately to release that fatal hold. It was unclean money. It carried a curse with it. It had no place on a fishing boat. It had no place anywhere. A tuna boat purchased with such money would collapse even in leaving the ways. It had sent the Dawson steamer to its doom. Now it was sending the Saint Anne. And Captain Andy too, if he hesitated any longer. One minute, two minutes, or was it only a matter of seconds before the fire would reach the engine room?

Captain Andy looked down at the corpse. Its face was suffused with the red glow from the fire, and the flames were reflected in its eyes. It was again sliding toward him, reaching for him. With a howl of wrath, disappointment and despair, he flung the heavy belt at it. In after years the only consolation he had was that it hadn't slipped through his fingers. He'd thrown it voluntarily, violently. Again he had proved Mike wrong. "Take it," he screamed, "take it." And then he leaped for the rail.

Your Dog

(Continued from page 22)

They need to be taught this canine virtue. Permitting your dog when a puppy to be petted by everyone and to be *too friendly with strangers* is the chief cause for unwatchfulness.

The causes for "the hobo" and the "sleeping guard" are—too many masters, too many people giving orders, too many strangers petting the dog, too much food. Only one person should give orders, feed the dog, and be the master.

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The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 39)

THE Grand Exalted Ruler visited his own lodge, Mount Vernon, N. Y., No. 842, on April 2. The lodge was celebrating its 35th Anniversary with a dinner and speaking program. P.E.R. Ranson Caygill, three times Exalted Ruler, gave the Invocation. Former Supreme Court Justice P.D.D. Sydney A. Syme, a charter member and the first Exalted Ruler of the lodge, reviewed its history. Grand Exalted Ruler Hart made the main address. It was recalled that evening that Major Hart had been Exalted Ruler in 1928 when the lodge celebrated its Silver Anniversary. Others who addressed the gathering were E.R. Lee W. Rivers and P.E.R.'s Charles Weber, Jr., and Leon St. C. Dick; D.D. J. Gordon Flannery of Beacon Lodge, and Mayor Denton Pearsall, Jr. Mount Vernon. P.E.R. Raymond R. McGee was Toastmaster. Approximately 250 members and guests from sister lodges attended.

Over 300 Elks of Eastern Pennsylvania with their wives and friends enjoyed a dinner-dance on April 5 at the Hotel Bethlehem given by Bethlehem, Pa., Lodge, No. 191, in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Hart. At the same time they heard many compliments bestowed upon the host lodge for its State record in gaining 61 per cent in membership. The evening began with the Invocation given by the Rev. Roscoe T. Foust. The newly elected Exalted Ruler, Dr. E. E. McMurray, introduced E.R.

Spurgeon G. Sigley, the Toastmaster, who in turn introduced the distinguished guests.

Major Hart delivered a spirited patriotic address and also spoke on the Order and the work of the lodges. The new Bethlehem Elks Chorus, making its first appearance, sang two numbers. Among the prominent Elks who spoke were State Pres. Grover C. Shoemaker, Bloomsburg; Past State Pres. Howard R. Davis, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, who called attention to the fact that Bethlehem Lodge will receive a cup at the coming State Convention at New Castle for its unusual and successful membership drive; D.D. G. Russell Bender, Pottstown, and Dist. Vice-Pres. George M. Kirk, West Chester. On behalf of the Bethlehem membership, Mr. Sigley presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a handsome gift.

Major Hart spoke on April 9 at the testimonial dinner given by Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, for the retiring Exalted Ruler, Jay Gorman. The Grand Exalted Ruler was an honored guest of the lodge and the principal speaker. Common Pleas Judge James R. Erwin, E.R., was Toastmaster. Other speakers were State Pres. Murray B. Sheldon, Elizabeth; D.D. John C. Wegner, Paterson; P.D.D. Richard F. Flood, Bayonne, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, and District Court Judge Frank H. Eggers. P.E.R.

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Don't blame the weather or animal nature when your dog scratches and sheds his coat continuously. It isn't nature's way at all.

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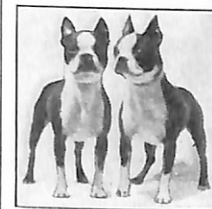
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Charles P. McGovern presented Mr. Gorman with a wrist watch from the members initiated during his administration, and Judge Eggers presented him with a handsome gift from the lodge.

With the Grand Exalted Ruler as its principal guest, and other dignitaries of the Order occupying places of honor, Lowell, Mass., Lodge, No. 87, observed the 50th Anniversary of its Founding with elaborate exercises in the Memorial Auditorium on April 19. The highlight of the program was the dinner attended by 1,250 Elks, their wives and guests. The event surpassed anything of the kind ever held in the city. The address of welcome was given by P.E.R. John J. Hogan, Chairman of the Jubilee Committee, and the Invocation by the lodge's Chaplain, James E. Howe. Major Hart, the main speaker of the evening, delivered an eloquent address.

P.D.D. John P. Farley, P.E.R., was Toastmaster. Toasts were given by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge; E. Mark Sullivan, Brookline Lodge, a member of the Grand Forum; E.R. Donald R. McIntyre and the veteran secretary of Lowell Lodge, John J. Flannery, Secy. of the Anniversary Committee; the Hon. Perry D. Thompson, a Lowell member, who represented Mayor D. C. Archambault; Judge John E. Fenton of Lawrence Lodge, representing Gov. Charles F. Hurley, and Judge Patrick J. Reynolds, presiding Justice of the Lowell District Court, also a member of Lowell Lodge. P.D.D. James E. Donnelly, P.E.R., Lowell Lodge, gave the Eleven O'Clock Toast. The musical pro-

ELKS 74th NATIONAL CONVENTION PRIZES

NATIONAL DRILL TEAM CONTEST (Exclusive of officers and file closers)

"A" (over 24 men).....\$150
"B" (24 men or under).....\$150

Best Drill Team (Open to winners of each class).....\$100

NATIONAL GLEE CLUB CONTEST

First Prize.....\$150 Second Prize.....\$75

NATIONAL DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS CONTEST

First Prize.....\$150 Second Prize.....\$75

NATIONAL BAND CONTEST

Class "A"

(Not less than 35 men)

First Prize.....\$150 Second Prize.....\$75

Class "B"

(Not less than 25 men)

First Prize.....\$150 Second Prize.....\$75

Best-appearing all-Elk Band in Parade from outside State.. \$100

Best-appearing all-Elk Band in Parade from State of New Jersey.....\$100

Largest all-Elk Band in Parade from greatest distance.....\$100

Largest number in Parade from greatest distance outside State.....\$100

Best-appearing uniformed body in line from outside State

First Prize.....\$100 Second Prize.....\$50

Best-appearing uniformed body in line from State of New Jersey

First Prize.....\$100 Second Prize.....\$50

Best singing, marching, uniformed Glee Club in line.....\$75

Best decorated float by State, Lodge or Community from outside State

First Prize.....\$100 Second Prize.....\$50

Best decorated float by State, Lodge or Community from State of New Jersey

First Prize.....\$100 Second Prize.....\$50

Quartet Prize.....\$25

gram was exceptional and the meeting, presided over by Mr. Farley, one of the greatest ever held in the lodge's fifty years of existence. The two surviving charter members, Joseph Hicks, 91 years of age, and James F. Gordon, aged 84, were presented with checks from the lodge. Mr. Flannery presented Major Hart with a handsome traveling bag on behalf of the membership. Several functions were held between April 10 and May 24 in connection with the Golden Jubilee, the closing event being the initiation of a class named in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Fifty

ters of Chicago; Grand Trustee Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill.; Past Exalted Ruler F. J. Schrader of Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, a Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Assn., and Assistant to the Grand Secretary, and Exalted Ruler Gunther, P.E.R. Archie M. Cohen, who acted as Toastmaster, and officers of Chicago Lodge. Among other dignitaries of the Order who attended were Lloyd Maxwell, Marshalltown, Ia., former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Past District Deputy William M. Frasier, Blue Island, Ill.

outstanding citizens of the community were members of the class.

The Stevens Hotel in Chicago was the scene of a dinner-dance given by Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, in Major Hart's honor on April 23. The affair was splendidly staged and drew a crowd of about 400. Guests were present from several states. A program of vocal and instrumental music was rendered during the dinner. One of the pleasant features of the evening was the presentation of a gold mounted gavel to E.R. Arthur Gunther of Chicago Lodge by a group of the members. Another was the presentation of a loving cup from Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, No. 1295, to the host lodge. A splendid feeling of friendliness and cooperation exists between the two lodges.

THE Grand Exalted Ruler's address had been greatly anticipated and was enthusiastically applauded. Seated with him at the speakers' table were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Floyd E. Thompson of Moline, Ill., Lodge, and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Mas-

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 37)

Leading Elks Attend Celebration at Madison, Wis., Lodge

At a double celebration on March 14, Madison, Wis., Lodge, No. 410, initiated a "Charles Spencer Hart Class" of 40 candidates, and honored its four remaining charter members who had given such valuable service in the organization of the lodge, instituted on March 11, 1898. Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Charles E. Broughton of Sheboygan, Chairman of the State Elks Crippled Children's Commission, was the

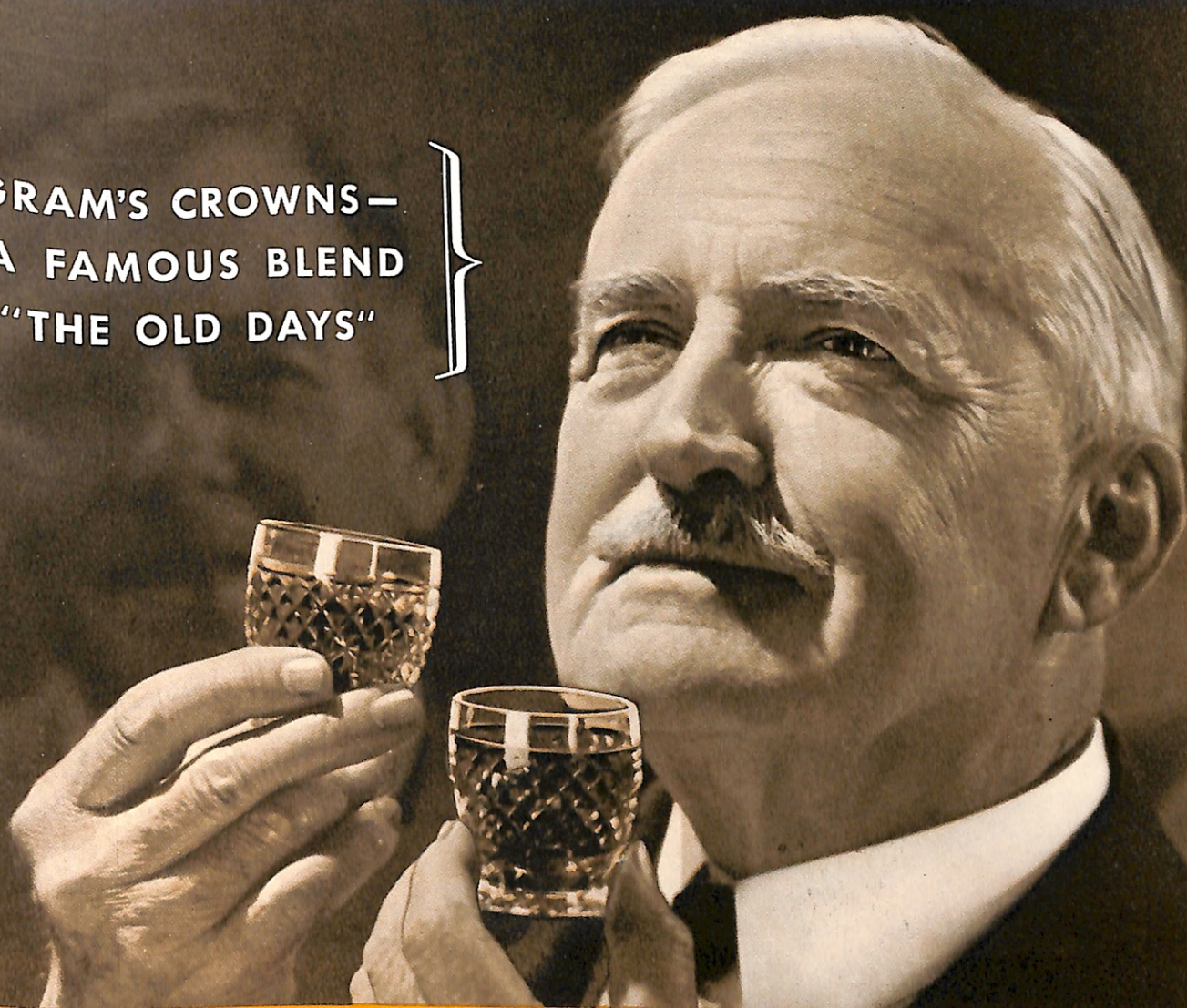
speaker at the banquet served to 250 members, candidates and guests at 6 P.M. Judge Roy H. Proctor, P.E.R., was Toastmaster. At eight o'clock the Degree Team of Platteville Lodge, winner of second place in the State Ritualistic Contest at the 1937 Convention of the Wis. State Elks Assn., initiated the Class. The 40 candidates represented one for each year of the lodge's existence.

After the meeting there was an hour of general visitation, and in-

spection was made of the newly decorated club rooms while the lodge hall was made ready for the presentation of a high class floor show. Among the prominent Elks who were guests of the lodge that evening were William J. Conway, Wisconsin Rapids, a former member of the Grand Forum; State Pres. A. J. Geniesse, Green Bay; Past State Pres. Ray C. Dwyer, La Crosse; James R. Law, Mayor of Madison, and many officers and members from other lodges.

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These men tasted well-known brands

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Blending skill explains it. For four generations the craftsmanship of Seagram's master blenders has produced finer tasting whiskies. At the bar or wherever you buy—think before you drink... say Seagram's and be sure.

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Say Seagram's and be Sure!

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They're Finer - They Taste Better
BECAUSE THEY'RE MASTER BLENDED

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Henry Picard

LOOKS THE SITUATION OVER



Picard's game seems effortless. He's a long driver—in a tight spot, a heady strategist. "A cigarette, too, has to be sized up from a lot of angles," he says.



"I've never favored one particular cigarette, Mr. Picard. I can see you do though. Do you find Camels different?"

"Camels are *distinctly* different from other cigarettes, Mr. Stahl, different in many ways. I appreciate their natural smoothness and mildness—the mildness that's easy on the throat. Camels never tire my taste. Camels agree with me. They *do*—from *all* angles. I hear so many golfers praise them. Camels never get on your nerves. Most top-flight golfers I know smoke Camels. They set you right!"

FAMOUS GOLFERS—men who need steady hands for that winning stroke—and millions of people under the strain of everyday life, all appreciate this fact: **CAMELS SET YOU RIGHT!** Smoke Camels—see why they are different from other cigarettes. Note particularly the greater pleasure you get from Camel's *costlier tobaccos*!

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Top prices, that's what J. B. Jackson, successful planter, got from the Camel buyer last year. He says: "Camel pays more to get the best tobacco. That means finer tobaccos for Camels. I say cigarette quality has got to be grown in tobacco."



"The Camel people bought the best of my last crop," says Vertner Hatton, who has grown tobacco 25 years. "Paid high for my finest grades. I smoke Camels. There's no substitute for expensive tobaccos. Most planters favor Camels."